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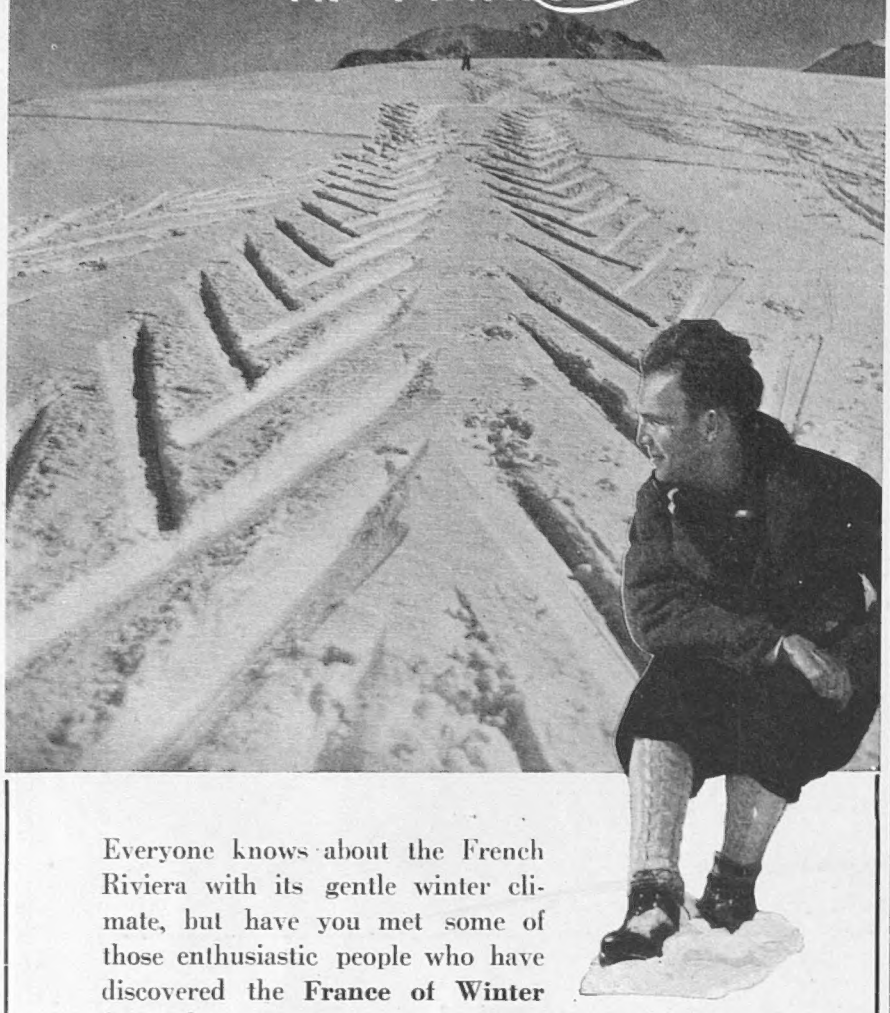

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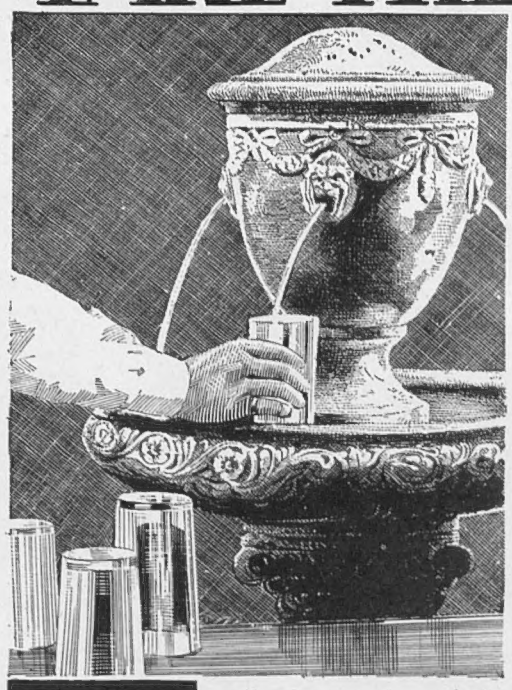

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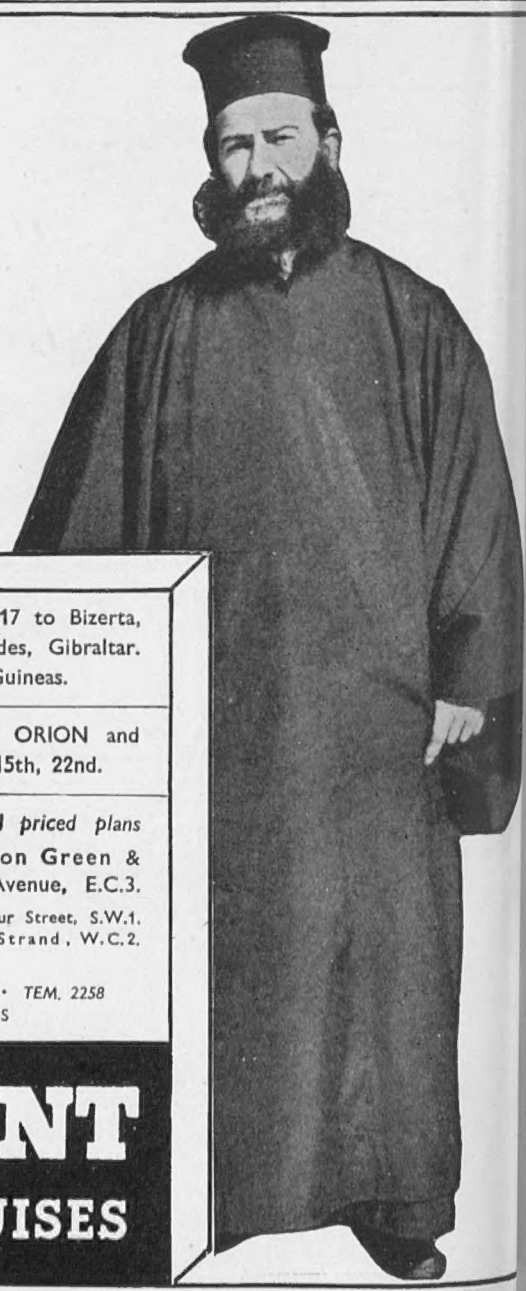

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, January 16, 1937

Princess Juliana's Marriage to Prince Bernhard

The Bride and Bridegroom Seated Beside Each Other During the Wedding in the Groote Kerk at The Hague

Down through the centuries the House of Orange-Nassau has inspired deep-felt loyalty for, right from those far-off days when William the Silent led the revolt against Spanish domination, it has been wholly identified with the aims and aspirations of the Dutch. Last week this loyalty once again found full expression as the people of Holland gathered in their tens of thousands to acclaim their Crown Princess as she drove through the gaily beflagged streets of The Hague on the occasion of her marriage to Prince Bernhard zur Lippe-Biesterfeld. It was an unforgettable day of rejoicing, with bright sunshine enhancing the pageantry of the crowded streets, and all who were present could not fail to be impressed and stimulated by the obvious happiness of the bride and bridegroom. This picture, taken within the precincts of the Groote Kerk, shows Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard seated in the body of the church, and behind them (right to left) are Princess Armgard (Prince Bernhard's mother), Queen Wilhelmina, and Prince Aschwin (Prince Bernhard's brother). *Further pictures will be found on pages* 80–83

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

CHURCH AND STATE CEREMONIAL ON "TWELFTH DAY": A guard of honour of the Yeomen of the Guard on duty at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on January 6, the Feast of the Epiphany, when the customary offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh was made on behalf of King George by Colonel Vivian Gabriel and Mr. John Hanbury Williams, the Gentlemen Ushers in Waiting

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, January 13, 1937.

IN TROUBLED EUROPE.—

Franco's redoubled efforts to satisfy the expectations of his backers bore fruit in the past fortnight's fighting. He closed in on Madrid. Meanwhile diplomatic efforts and diplomatic inactivity for the past weeks continued on the question of non-intervention, of volunteers, and the export of arms to Spain. The Spanish Government despatched one more grave note to the League on Germany's aggressive naval policy, and the dumping of volunteers from Italy and Germany in Spain or Spanish Morocco proceeded apace while the answers of those Governments to the British note still failed to arrive. These answers were delivered at last on January 7, and although hedged with conditions were not wholly unfavourable. The Non-intervention Committee is likely to meet again in London to take note of the Spanish protest, and also of Italy's suggestion that the Powers should examine the possibility of an agreement to withdraw from Spain all non-Spaniards of every class and race. Hitler, after cruelly twisting the tails of the Leopard and the Lion over Morocco, smilingly ironed them out again last Monday. In America, while Congress rushed through the Bill to prevent the export of arms to Spain, a Spanish Government ship loaded with £500,000 worth of war material just managed to slip away before the ban fell. That ban is now law in America. From Palestine better news came. The Commission postponed its imminent departure to take evidence from the Arab Higher Committee. The last minute ending of the Arab boycott was apparently brought about by the influence of the Kings of Saudi Arabia and of Iraq. But the end of the trouble is not in sight. Threats of further violence by Arab malcontents are taken very seriously and further movements of troops back to Palestine are distinctly possible. France meanwhile has not escaped further trouble from the shuffling of her Near Eastern mandate. In the past weeks the dispute between France and Turkey over the future of the Antioch and Alexandretta areas has become acute. Turkey claims, on a large population majority, that this area should become Turkish and not be included in a Syrian Republic. France disputes the racial majority figures and Kemal and his war leaders moved down to the seat of trouble, determined on resolute action. However, the situation eased a little at the week-end: Kemal returned to the capital and hope of direct negotiations between France and Turkey, without recourse to the League, revived. But there is no lack of potential trouble in Europe and the Near East.

A VISITOR FROM THE U.S.: The American destroyer *Flusser* at Chatham, where she arrived last Saturday for a week's visit. The United States now has 213 destroyers and another twelve are included in President Roosevelt's latest Budget recommendations

DOUBLE DUTCH.—

The Dutch wedding went off splendidly. Europe took a very friendly interest in a popular young couple, and Britain especially rejoiced in the rejoicings of an old and tried friend. Between our race and the Dutch there is much in common in character and history and language and suffering in the past. There were no more hitches, and everything possible was done to avoid wounding the incredibly vulnerable feelings of Nazi Germany. The Hague was quite equal to the occasion, That pleasant city, which I know well and like much, houses normally under a quarter-million folk, and, if the narrow streets of its old city are always cheerfully thronged with cyclists to the point of overcrowding, its broad, newer streets always seem deserted and spacious. There was really plenty of accommodation for a temporary multiplication by four of the normal population. All winter the big hotels at bleak and sandy and windswept and unpronounceable Scheveningen (which is a sea suburb of The Hague) are normally empty, and they were filled to capacity. So were the royal palaces and villas, including the charming House in the Wood. The decorations were really magnificent and the floodlighting very effective. Even the Peace Palace looked—perhaps not surprisingly—like a Dream Palace. And the old Dutch treasures of architecture took away the breath of visitors. The most charming little picture gallery in Europe—the Maritzhuis—got the attention it deserves, and the gems of Vermeer astonished and delighted the wedding sightseers. Holland is no museum. She can teach her neighbours many lessons. Her road and housing development lead the world. You have only to travel the new road from Rotterdam to Delft, or to inspect the new working-class housing estates at Rotterdam or Amsterdam to be sure of it. Some of these new buildings are hardly distinguishable from sixteenth-century masterpieces. The builders still use the same little bricks made from the same clay and are not ashamed to follow a great tradition in design. My only grouse against Holland is that it is so flat and so (commercially) sharp. The restaurant and hotel prices are appalling, though the food is very good. It is still "the fault of the Dutch" to ask much. But they offer much also.

EPIPHANY VIGIL: The service at the Russian Church, Buckingham Palace Road, on the evening of January 6. January 7 is the old Christmas Day

A GIGANTIC MELON.—

Mr. Andrew Mellon, once U.S. Ambassador in London, has no particular reason to be grateful to his country, which even now is investigating claims for recovery from him of a huge sum in unpaid income tax. When the case opened in 1935, Mr. Mellon foreshadowed his intention to hand over to the nation his unique collection of pictures on which no price can conceivably be placed. And now he has definitely offered (and his offer is accepted) to build a gallery in Washington for his collection and to hand it over to the nation. For some years these pictures have been held, and added to, under the Mellon Trust and they include a number of treasures acquired from Britain, best known of all, the Raphael "Madonna" from Panshanger. Mr. Mellon bought on the advice of Lord Duveen and Knoedlers, and never worried at the prices asked. For twenty pictures at least he paid an average of £90,000, and his collection is representative and exclusively of masterpieces. Vermeer's "Lacemaker" and "Smiling Girl"; Rembrandt's "Self Portrait" and "Polish Nobleman"; Holbein's "Edward VI" and "Sir Brian Tuke"; Raphael's "St. George"; Memlinc's "Virgin and Child"; Titian's "Madonna" and "Girl in Green"; Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire"; Van Dyck's "Lord Wharton"; Reynolds' "Lady C. Howard." A day or two later Mr. Mellon "threw in" the Holford Hobbema, Castagno's famous "Portrait of a Man," and a fine David (Dutch, fifteenth century). These are a very few of the gems which Washington will display, and the gift includes a princely fund for maintenance and even for further acquisitions.

No. 45, BERKELEY SQUARE.—

The front door of No. 45, Berkeley Square has for fifty years excited the interest of London visitors. Londoners were never yet excited until too late. You may still observe on the brass plate on the front door the words "Earl of Powis," and you may still note the snuffers on either side of it which were used for extinguishing the flambeaux of the linkmen who lighted the traffic through the Square. Lord Powis has at last bowed to the inevitable and iron demands of commerce and sold out. He held on grimly, but now Berkeley Square also has become untenable. It is another "end of a chapter." Kent perhaps built the house for Lord Ancram in the first half of the eighteenth century. Clive bought it when he came back from India in 1760 and died in it in 1774 (by his own hand or by process of nature?). The family (whose surname became Herbert by the union in marriage of the second Clive Earl with the heiress of the last Herbert Earl of Powis) had used No. 45 as its London house continuously for 170 years. It contains good furniture and a mass of pictures, some of merit and interest, and the best will no doubt now be transferred to Powis Castle, the Red Castle of the Princes of Powys and the Marches, which commands Welshpool. We write off Berkeley Square.

GOLDEN LADS AND LASSES.—

The tell-tale figures of the highest incomes earned in U.S.A. during 1935 are out, and film stars and

jazz-wizards are well represented. Mae West stands second only to Mr. Hearst. She earned £96,000 by her talent. Marlene Dietrich netted £73,000 and Bing Crosby, the crooner, £63,000. Charlie Chaplin, faint yet pursuing, was way down with £52,000. On this absorbingly interesting subject a faithful correspondent in America sends me some thumb-nail biographies of infant film stars at Hollywood, which appear to show how much children are appreciated by their parents — when they attain the golden pay-roll; but not always before. Little Edith Fellows, aged thirteen, a leading screen star, was recently the centre of a law suit in Los Angeles. My correspondent says (I cannot verify her authorities) that Edith lost her mother's care when ten months old and that her father handed her over to her grandmother, who worked hard for her own living and for Edith's. Showing some promise that way, Edith was taken by her grandmother to seek fame at Hollywood. She got small parts and at last in 1935 made her hit and is now a big wage-earner. Then her mother remembered

Edith and appeared on the scene to claim her daughter. But over this the judges in California proved themselves Solomons. "Don't you love your mother?" asked Superior-Judge Arthur Crum (of Los Angeles) of little Edith. "No, I don't", replied little Edith. If the facts are in order, it was the answer adjudged correct.

FREDDIE BARTHOLEMEW.

—Take the case of Freddie Bartholemew. Freddie (says my correspondent) is an English boy aged twelve. His parents were badly off and did not want him, so they passed him over to his aunt, Miss Millicent Bartholemew, who adopted him and educated him, while his parents kept their two daughters. The aunt earned her living as a secretary in London. She took Freddie at the age of three and paid for his education. Seeing that he had a natural gift, she had him trained in elocution in London. When he was ten she, too, took him to Hollywood, and he at once won against great competition the name-part in *David Copperfield*. He awoke on the morning after release to find himself world-famous and rich and it was then that his parent hurried across from England at the glad news. And now little Freddie helps to educate his sisters and to support his family. As for little Shirley Temple, already a millionaire at seven, she is putting by for a distant rainy day and draws "around 4,000 dollars a week."

"Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney sweepers come to dust."

But gold-dust of course. This is a shocking example of the publicity we serve up to film-fans, the publicity we accord to film-stars and important babies, which I and the Educationists have so recently deplored. I ought to blue-pencil it, if the Editor don't.

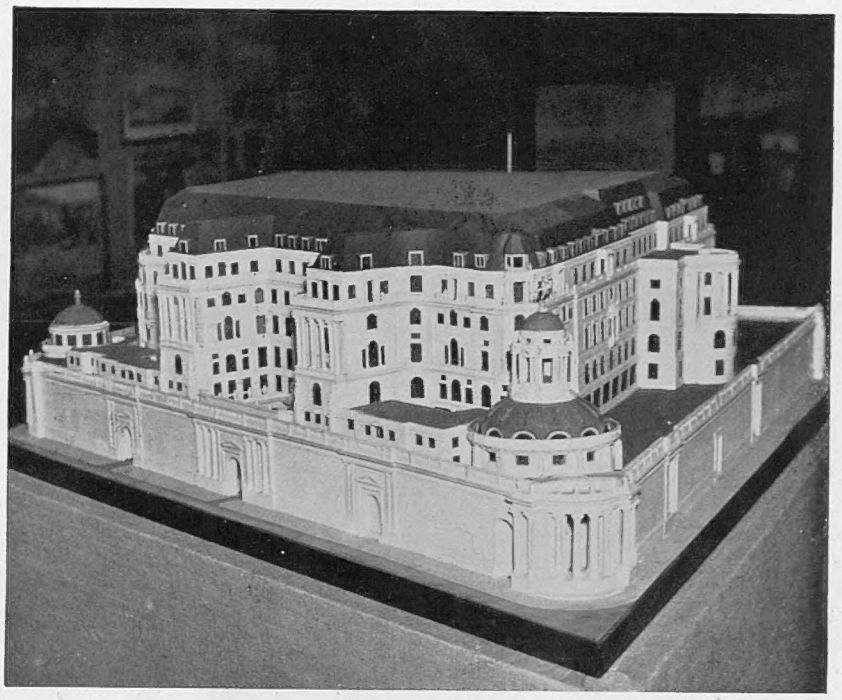
BUSINESS SIDE OF BALL-GAMES.

—Perry proved box-office and may join the film stars and Press-lords of U.S.A. as a super money-maker. He not only thrashed Vines on his first appearance in show tennis in a form with which he is unfamiliar, but he "earned while he learned" at the rate of £40 per minute. He netted £3,500 in eighty minutes' play and is expected to make £20,000 out of his contract for 1937. Test cricket is more box-office than ever, and Melbourne is the finest theatre for big receipts in the cricket world. I have rather neglected the Test matches, but privately I have vastly enjoyed them. My pleasure over the first two was largely due not so much to our having beaten Australia soundly as to our having soundly trounced and befooled the dismal jimmies of cricket journalism: and also because of Allen's success as cricketer and captain. My pleasure in the Melbourne match was diluted. I could wish that we did not depend so largely on Hammond and Leyland for run-getting. I was glad Australia won because it keeps the fun alive, but I was sorry that mathematical calculation rather than straightforward cricket decided the policy of the first innings. But of course the wicket at Melbourne is notorious for its tricks. Australia's victory now ensures big gates for the fourth match, from which broke or struggling English county teams may obliquely benefit. We have heard mercifully little of minor social troubles in the teams and all accounts seem to show that Allen is doing his No. 1 job well—keeping our men a happy family of Empire ambassadors of goodwill.

A HISTORY OF EUROPE.

—I ventured to call the publication, in a single cheap volume, of Fisher's *History of Europe*, one of the literary events of the year 1936. I spent many hours recently spelling through this great and noble book which might indeed stand as a life's achievement of a great man. It seems to me to prove the soundness of the teachings of Socrates and to demonstrate the vital importance to the State of knowledge in its rulers. Knowledge, humbly acquired. Your man of action, your electric demagogue, may fill the bill in an emergency, but in the long run, if he is deficient in knowledge, he will bungle things badly and undo any good he may have done. Mr. George was electric during the war. The public, I suppose, was more interested in *Inside Europe* than in a *History of Europe*. That fact, indeed, gives a clue to the difficulties of the times in which we live. Therefore am I convinced that every politician who aims at governing our Empire should study the *History of Europe* as Mr. Fisher has set it forth. Here are a few nuggets I have picked from his gold mine. Each sets a train of sound thought moving. Of Russia: "The gloom of geographical uniformity, combined with a harsh climate, exercises its effect on the mind. An all-pervading spirit of resignation and acquiescence saps initiative and lames resource." Of the dark centuries following the Ice Age: "The sail, the wheel, the domestication of animals, three of the most important inventions in human history, belong to this unrecorded period."—"The treasures of Crete . . . suffice to show that the human hand has gained nothing in dexterity from the lapse of ages."—Of the Greek victories over Persia: "Of all the elements which have entered into the education of European man, these perhaps have done most for the liberation of thought and refinement of taste." Of the patrician party in Rome (500–280 B.C.): "Compelled to surrender privilege after privilege (to the plebeians), the patricians never went into exile nor yielded their claim to render honourable service to the Roman State." Such and such-like nuggets of truth and wisdom abound in this great history. It is strange to think that our great Empire is broadly governed by men who have never scratched the top spit of the hidden mine of truth and knowledge which a humble study of history lays bare.

THE OLD STAGER

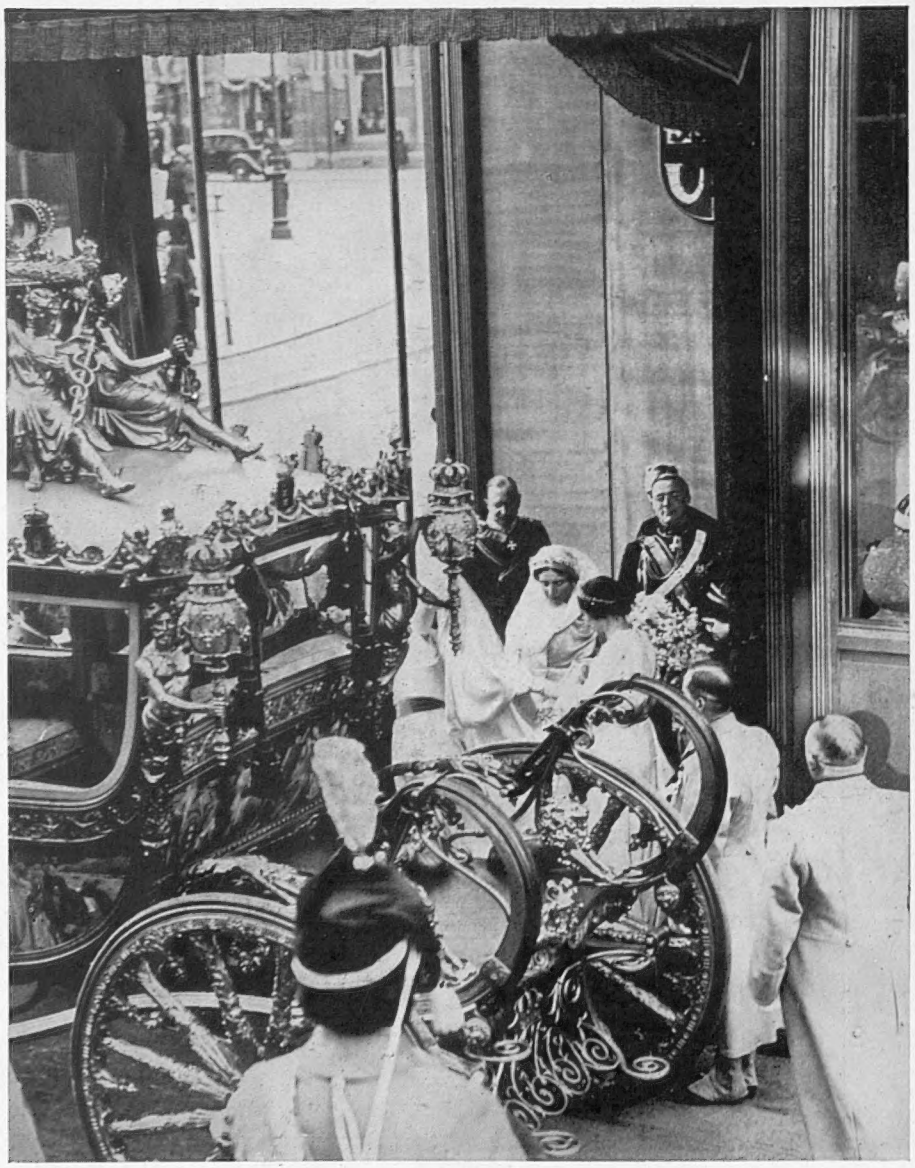


"THINGS TO COME!" A model of the Bank of England as it will appear when completed to the designs of Sir Herbert Baker, showing the new upper storeys rising dominatingly above the old familiar lower portion of the building. One of the many interesting items in the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition of British Architecture which opened last Monday at Burlington House and is intended to show the development of British architecture in all its aspects during the present century

A NEW YEAR BRIDE: Miss Mary Malcolm, the daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm, of Poltalloch, and granddaughter of the famous Lily Langtry, leaving No. 39, Bryanston Square for her marriage to Sir Basil Bartlett. The ceremony took place at St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, and was attended by many society and stage notabilities, including Viscountess Byng, Viscount and Viscountess Esher, Sir John Squire, Miss Edith Evans, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, and Mr. John Drinkwater

THE DUTCH

HER DAY OF DAYS: Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands smiling through the window of the elaborately adorned State coach, gilded and painted with pastoral scenes, as she drove through the thronged streets of The Hague on the morning of her marriage



LEAVING THE TOWN HALL: The royal couple about to enter the coach for the drive to the church after they had been married according to law. The bridegroom, who has now received the title of Prince of the Netherlands, was a striking figure in military uniform. As for the bride, a radiance that was almost spiritual seemed to transform her

THERE WAS CHEERING ALL THE WAY: The bridal coach, drawn by eight dove-coloured livery, and escorted by cavalrymen, passing through window was packed with spectators, while infantrymen in the street pressing forward to obtain a glimpse of the Prince and Princess—crowd

ROYAL WEDDING

The Nuptials of Crown Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard of Lippe-Biesterfeld

On left—THE START OF THE JOURNEY: Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard about to leave the palace and enter the gilded State coach in which they drove first to the Town Hall, where the civil marriage ceremony took place, and then to the Groote Kerk for the religious ceremony

AT THE CANOPIED DOORWAY OF THE GROOTE KERK: The bridal coach and its cavalry escort halted at the entrance to the church after completing the drive from the Town Hall

horses, each with its attendant groom in the thronged squares of The Hague. Every held back the vast crowds that were had been gathering all night through, camping on the pavements to make sure of their places. The enthusiasm was unforgettable, paralleling the rejoicings on that February day thirty-six years ago when Queen Wilhelmina took as her consort the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and it was a morning of brilliant sunshine in keeping with the old Dutch saying that "the House of Orange-Nassau commands fine weather." In this picture the Queen's coach can just be seen in the background. She drove in company with the bridegroom's mother

PRINCESS JULIANA AND PRINCE BERNHARD WED

Scenes in the Groote Kerk at The Hague as the Couple were United in the Presence of a Distinguished Congregation Representative of Many of the Royal Houses of Europe

A SOLEMN MOMENT ON A DAY OF REJOICING: Crown Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard kneeling before Dr. Welter, an eighty-seven-year-old clergyman who has known the Princess all her life, just as he was about to pronounce his blessing on them. An impressive picture taken within the Groote Kerk

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS: H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, in the full dress uniform of a captain, R.N., and wearing across his breast the ribbon of the Netherlands Lion, seated beside the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg

THE THRONGED GROOTE KE
Bernhard seated bef
Obbink, Chaplain to Qu
address. He officiated

with Princess Juliana and Prince
the rostrum from which Dr. H. T.
Wilhelmina, is seen delivering his
conjunction with the aged Dr. Welter

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AND THE ROYAL WITNESSES: Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard seated on chairs bearing the arms of Orange-Nassau and Lippe, with relatives and distinguished visitors grouped behind them, representative of many of the Royal houses of Europe. The brilliance of their uniforms and dresses more than made up for the bareness of the church, a building severe in its Calvinistic plainness. *Left*—Another view showing in the front row and reading from the right: Prince Leopold IV of Lippe (bearded), the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, Duke Ernst-August von Brunswick-Luneborg, Princess Armgard (Prince Bernhard's mother), Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, and Prince Aschwin zur Lippe-Biesterfeld (Prince Bernhard's younger brother)

On right—ACKNOWLEDGING THE OVATION: Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard making their appearance on the balcony of the Royal palace in response to the frantic cheering of the crowds gathered below. Later they managed to slip out of the building unnoticed, starting for their honeymoon in Poland

An Eye-Witness of the Royal Wedding

The Pageantry at The Hague Described

By ROY ELSTON

IN the middle of The Hague is an open space called the Buitenhof or Outer Court. It is surrounded on three sides by hotels and cafés, and on the fourth side, beyond a wide roadway, is the irregular, crenellated mass of the Binnenhof or Inner Court, with old cobbles spread over its spacious floor and a witch-capped Hall of Knights rising from the centre. On one side runs a broad stretch of water, like a moat, perplexed with the paddling of duck and the swift flight of sea-gulls. A handsome tree-lined avenue runs along the side of the moat, and is overlooked by dignified embassy buildings and aristocratic town houses. At the corner of the Buitenhof, looking out to the moat, is the brick arch and tower of a famous dungeon.

You can see it all from a point in the Outer Court near the Hotel of the Two Cities; where also, looking to the left, you can see a smart shopping street, then the pleasant façade of the Stadthuis, or Town Hall; and a little way beyond this the Gothic tower of the Church of St. James.

It is always a stimulating view: the two wide courts, the moat, the towers and archways and machicoulis; the gold-brown brick that is everywhere; the patrician houses beyond the broad, tree-lined avenue; the tall, grey steeple. It has always had upon me the effect of an old illustrated history-book, the illustrations in a tone of old gold, smudged by the fingers of Time. The history these things speak of is essentially the history of the people. The events that mark that history have been events in national development; and presiding over those events ever since they began there has been, almost invariably, a Prince of the House of Orange.

Perhaps that is why, on January 7, The Hague became an almost theatrically appropriate setting for the marriage of the Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands with Prince Bernhard.

"It looks as if it all just belongs," said an ecstatic lady in front of me as the bridal procession wound down between the old dungeon and the moat into the Buitenhof and so to the Stadthuis. It did belong. The outriders in blue and silver belonged; so did the soldiers in field-grey, with fixed bayonets, who lined the route; and the prancing cavalry with flashing sabres and fluttering plumes; and the blue hussars, like cossacks; and the gold coach in which the Princess sat, looking very happy indeed; and the crimson-coated postilions. It all belonged, with the huge crowd peering through a forest of periscopes, the flags straining in the wind, the gay regimental standards, the clattering of the horses' hoofs, the sound, heard sharply through the wintry sunlight, of military commands, pealing bells, cheers, and hurrahs.

I had watched it all from my favourite spot by the Hotel of the Two Cities. The old history-book illustrations had come to life. A miracle had spattered the illustrations with colour—just the right colours—gold, silver, blue, and crimson, and the colour of sunlight on steel, on breasts glowing with medals, on broad sashes of crimson and orange, on the trappings of man and magnificent beast; and on hundreds of thousands of upturned, excited faces.

There was one feature that was, I admit, extremely effective, but of the appropriateness of which I am doubtful: the loud speakers. These had been erected at vantage-points all over the city. Announcers, doing their business very well indeed, kept us informed in the Buitenhof of what was happening before the procession reached us, and of what happened afterwards. It kept our excitement at proper pitch, of course; but it was odd to hear the firm, loud *Ja!* of Prince Bernhard, and the half-whispered, nervous *Ja!* of the Princess, booming in the one case and floating in the other, over the heads of the massed throng in the square.

The royal couple's first ceremony took place in the Stadthuis, precisely as any burgher couple's marriage ceremony. We who were outside heard every word of it; and afterwards we heard every word of the church ceremony, which took place inside the splendidly vaulted old Gothic Church of St. James.

And after that began the triumphal return to the white palace of Nordeinde. As far as I could see, not a single hitch of consequence had marred the proceedings. The Dutch are an orderly people, though not so stolid and phlegmatic as they like to believe. The soldiers who lined the route, the handsome Marechaussées on their splendid horses, the cheerful police, looking, in their helmets, like nice London "bobbies," had relatively little to do. For one thing, the crowds were in a good mood, and any command, provided it was given with a smile, was instantly obeyed.

They took the law into their own hands on one rather amusing occasion. At certain points along the route speculators had built elaborate grandstands, the seats of which were for sale at fairly high prices; but hardly any of these had been booked to capacity, and it is a safe bet that most of the grandstand owners have lost money. One of these grandstands, close to the palace, was still more than half empty when the procession began. Suddenly, as if at a telepathic signal, the crowd shivering below on the pavement turned and rushed the barriers. Within a few minutes the sunny banks of the grandstand were black with gate-crashers.

Characteristic was the regiment of street-sweepers following in the wake of the crowd after the procession had passed. It did its best to sweep up and remove tons of litter in the form of newspapers, broken deal stools, cardboard containers, smashed periscopes, orange skins. As fast as the sweepers cleared the litter away a fresh lot came. Over and over again the sweepers returned to the task. It reminded me of a former British Ambassador who, invited to dinner soon after his arrival at The Hague, was astonished at the cleanliness of the people in their houses. "Why," he exclaimed afterwards, "every time I turned in the chair and spat on the floor a maid came and cleaned it up." And every time half a ton of litter was deposited on the streets of The Hague the sweepers patiently returned to clean it up.

The litter of the day has gone; but the memory of a stirring and portentous event will remain to all those who witnessed it.

Reds and Whites on the Peninsular Chessboard

An Estimate of the Military Position in Civil War-Ridden Spain

WHILST the tide of battle around Madrid ebbs and flows and each side in turn claims local victories, daily we hear of many other places where military operations are initiated, sometimes by whites, more often by reds, and it may be of interest to offer a reasoned military appreciation of the situation in the Spanish Peninsula.

The Peninsula may, for the moment, be likened to a chessboard; the protagonists, Soviet and Fascist. The moves, as they develop, are made with the set purpose of inveigling the opponent into one or more mistakes so as to ensure final victory for oneself, and it is interesting for the looker-on to penetrate the brains of leaders on each side, and so to visualise the train of thought governing each successive move. In the present case the task is made more difficult because the struggle is being waged in the air, on the sea, and on land, thus making it possible for both sides to initiate combined movements which would have been impossible a generation ago.

To help us in our investigation let us first of all understand the general economic situation (in its broadest sense), with special reference to Madrid, for if we can grasp that situation it will provide a valuable clue to many of the strategic movements which otherwise might appear disjointed and, to that extent, objectless, because the underlying idea is correct.

Madrid, as the seat of government in time of peace and situate in the centre of Spain, was naturally the city to which all revenue flowed. The main wealth of Spain is derived from agriculture, fruit, cattle, and dairy produce and, to some extent, from mines and manufactures. It must also be borne in mind that the population inhabiting Madrid and the smaller towns and villages within a radius of 20 miles of the capital (well over 1,000,000 souls) drew practically all food and perishable supplies from the provinces; fruit from the Eastern maritime provinces; sugar from a belt north and south of the line Saragossa–Vittoria–Valladolid; cattle and all kinds of dairy produce from the north-western provinces of Galicia, Asturias, and Leon; swine and pig-meats from the districts of Estremadura, Salamanca, Zamora, and Legrono; fish and specially sardines from Galicia. All these things found a steady sale in the markets of Madrid and its environs, and from the south came heavy consignments of oranges and various wines.

With productive centres so varied and so prolific, Madrid rested secure, and her own wants being easily supplied, her merchants could arrange for profitable exports to all parts of Europe, particularly England, whilst in return they could import coal, cotton goods, and machinery from Britain.

But at the end of September, 1936, when the revolt was some ten weeks old, the white General Mola's rapid advance up the valley of the Tagus, together with the capture of Talavera and Toledo from the reds gave the latter a rude shock, for in a night, as it were, the whites had seriously reduced the supplies of meat, fish, and bacon for the capital, whilst from Burgos, General Franco saw to it that the sugar revenues flowed into *his* coffers and not to Madrid. The white occupation of Cordova and Seville, with the ports of Huelva and Cadiz ensured that, as long as the neighbouring districts submitted to a white government, their revenues, too, would be lost to the reds.

To this extent then, the earlier successes of the whites brought effective pressure to bear on their opponents by draining them of revenue and of prospective recruits, and thus daily added to their difficulties.

Within the last few weeks many reports have come in of red attacks or threats to Vittoria, Burgos, Talavera, Cordova, Granada, and Siguenza. These places are, as we know, scattered throughout the western half of Spain, and the motive underlying each and all of these operations is to wrest from white control districts producing sugar, bacon, beef, fruit, and wine.

Recent despatches have given accounts of fierce fighting in the neighbourhood of Jaen, due south of Madrid and some fifty miles north of Granada, in the valley of the Guadalquivir. Here the prize is the orange groves of this part of Andalusia hitherto acknowledging the authority of the reds. If rumour is to be believed, so keen are the whites on effective military occupation of this district, that the bulk of the Italian troops recently arrived in Spain is being directed towards Jaen.

Both sides have, as is well known, been heavily reinforced by "International" battalions, brigades, and even divisions, and this notwithstanding the earnest labours of the International Non-intervention Committee which has been sitting in London for weeks past. To this is added a further complication by seizures and measures of retaliation on the sea, followed by threatening naval concentrations. What will be the outcome passes beyond the limits of this present article, and we must confine ourselves chiefly to a consideration of land operations.

The recent battle centres, excluding Madrid, have been Talavera, Huesca, Oviedo, Siguenza, Guadalajara, Cordova, and Malaga.

Huesca is an old story, it has been occupied from the beginning by the whites, and the Catalan troops who set out in early August to sweep away white domination, have been extraordinarily slow in attaining their object. Similarly, in regard to Oviedo, the whites have held it all along, and notwithstanding the undoubted bravery of the red Asturian levies, Oviedo still holds out.

In regard to the fighting round Siguenza and Guadalajara as well as Talavera and south of Toledo, the attackers have been the reds, and it is reasonable to suppose that the motive underlying these fierce attacks is, in the north, to throw back the advancing whites, whilst in the south, i.e. Talavera and Toledo, the reds hope to cut the lines of communication of General Franco at their most vulnerable points, and thus to interpose between him and Portugal and Seville, whence large stocks of military supplies find their way northward.

Reading between the lines, General Franco appears to be preparing a heavy stroke eastwards from the neighbourhood of Talavera, and, granting that he has a true appreciation of the military situation, as he hopes it will be in the near future, he intends to launch a new campaign, the objectives of which will be Guadalajara and Alcala de Menares, north-east of Madrid, and Tarancon and Alcazar de San Juan, south-east of the capital. His eastward move from Talavera must be guarded from attack from the south, and therefore he will certainly protect his southern flank by occupying the watershed between the valleys of the Tagus and Guadalquivir, for in the latter valley the reds are paramount. By occupying Alcazar he will be astride of the railway communications south and south-east of that place, i.e., he will deny to the reds the advantages of possession of the ports of Almeria, Cartagena, and Alicante, whilst the presence of his armed forces at Tarancon and Alcazar will close the last remaining road to Valencia. With Guadalajara and Siguenza in his hands he will make it most difficult for the reds to send succour to the capital from the provinces of Catalonia and Aragon, and thus Madrid should fall.

One word about the campaign in the air. That air fighting has been bitter there is no question, the two sides seem fairly evenly matched, and each engages freely in bombing raids, but this bombing has very little moral effect because, as is well known, the effective area of bombs is very local, and in so far as moral effect is concerned, mere bombing without the use of poison gas will not cause more than temporary demoralisation of the civil population. We hear from all sides of the extraordinarily small effect produced on the morale of the population of Madrid. A far more effective form of punishment from the air is the use of machine guns, but in that case the raider must necessarily fly low, and will probably confine himself to spraying trenches and other purely military objectives. In our Air Force we strive to obtain a bombing efficiency of 85 per cent. on a limited target, but, judging from the accounts which come to hand, it is pretty evident that the effective hits of the bombers, red or white, scarcely exceeds 30 to 40 per cent.

On the night of January 6–7 a Spanish ship laden with aeroplanes and other munitions cleared from a North American port for a red port in Spain. By the time this appears in print this vessel will be nearing Spanish waters, and it will be of interest to see whether she can safely run the gauntlet of General Franco's cruisers and submarines. The prize is worth a big effort to capture, and much may depend on the outcome of the red venture. Thus the attack of the White Knight supported by his Rook at Corunna and Bishop at Seville may successfully call check to the Red King at Valencia.

S. L. Cra'ster

A RENAISSANCE MASTERPIECE: This magnificent painted terra-cotta bust of an English ecclesiastic, in all probability John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, has recently been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Although the evidence as to its authorship is somewhat scanty, it is thought to be the work of Torrigiano

"THE BLIND MUSICIAN": This fine sculpture notable for its beauty of treatment and a praiseworthy clarity of outline, is the work of Giuseppe Zannetti and is at the moment on exhibition in Venice. The whole poise of the body, so suggestive of blind groping, could hardly be bettered

The terra-cotta bust, illustrated above and purporting to represent John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who was canonised a short while ago, is a companion to the bust of Henry VII, purchased in 1935 by the John Webb Trust for the Victoria and Albert Museum, and to a bust of Henry VIII now in the hands of a private collector. Although the colour and the gilt have lost much of their original brilliance, all three sculptures are in comparatively good condition. Torrigiano, who may have been their author, came to this country about 1508, following his quarrel with Michelangelo and flight from Florence, and he later executed the great tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey

The SCULPTOR'S ART

Ancient and Modern

THE ORIENTAL TOUCH: Mr. A. F. Hardiman, A.R.A., the eminent sculptor, adding the finishing touches to one of the two heraldic lions he has just completed after eight months work. They stand 9 ft. by 5 ft. and will be placed at the main entrance of the new Norwich Town Hall which is to be opened in the summer

b

Terraced Homes of Capileira

One of the Last Villages in Spain Containing a Population of Almost Pure Moorish Origin

ROOF-TOP PANORAMA: The flat roofs of the old village of Capileira which stands on a rocky eminence high up in the Sierra Nevada. Here in this mountain region dwell the last remnants of Spain's pure Moorish population, living a life totally remote from the outside world

Below—AN AGILE MOORISH GIRL leaps adroitly from one house-top to another

ELEVATED PLAYGROUND: Moorish children above one of the terraced houses of the village. The wooden planks in the foreground lead from one roof to another. *Left*—How the housewives of Capileira place the washing out to dry. The linen is hung down over the side of the house and held in position by a number of small stones. If the wind should chance to blow it away, it would probably be carried far into the valley several hundreds of feet below

On right—CROSSING THE GULF: A sturdy youth carrying his baby brother over a wooden plank bridge dividing one house from another. His striking oval features, dark skin, and supple limbs are typical of the Spanish Moors of pure descent

On left—WHERE ONE MAN'S ROOF IS ANOTHER MAN'S GARDEN: A picture showing more clearly the terracing arrangement of the houses. The people in the top dwelling have made a charming little roof garden. *Extreme left*—Riding a donkey up one of the roughly-cobbled, steeply inclined but picturesque streets

Pictures by Paul Popper

KING CAROL IS GIVEN A CHURCH

Herr Hitler in Bavaria—A Prison Party for French Children

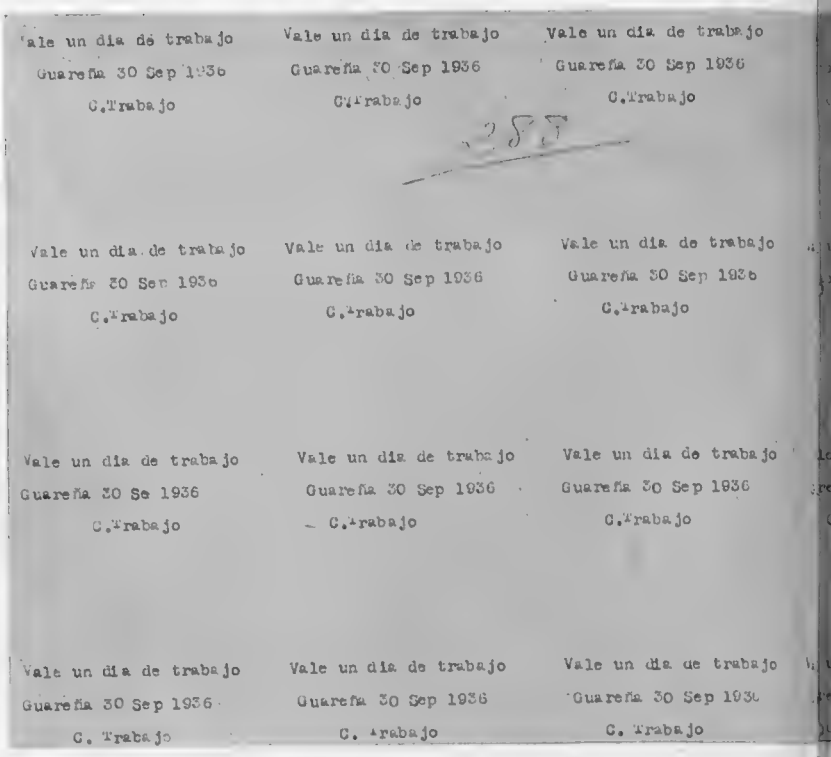
A RIGHT ROYAL GIFT: A few days ago an interesting ceremony took place in Rumania when Monsignor Miron Cristea, First Patriarch of the Orthodox Rumanian faith, consecrated a little 300-year-old church which had been presented to King Carol by villagers in the Mures region of Transylvania, who decided to make the gift on hearing that their monarch had visited and greatly admired the beauty of the place during a hunting trip. The church was dismantled, transported stone by stone, and set up in a woodland clearing at Sinaia, where His Majesty has his summer palace. In the left-hand picture the King (wearing uniform) is standing behind the priests outside the church, and (*above*) he is shown wearing a white robe as he stood beside the Patriarch during the consecration

HIGH JINKS IN GAOL: M. Rucart, the French Minister of Justice, chatting with a little girl at the New Year party given for the children of inmates of the Fresnes prison and at which he acted as joint host with the Governor. Every effort was made to render the occasion as carefree as possible, the youngsters taking part in organised games and receiving presents from an elaborately adorned Christmas tree

WHERE THE FUEHRER PLAYS THE SQUIRE: Two glimpses of the terrace of Haus Wachenfeld—2,000 ft. up in the Bavarian Alps—the charming chalet Herr Hitler built for himself out of royalties received from his Munich publisher for his famous prison-written testament, *My Struggle*, which has sold something like 3,000,000 copies. The Chancellor is never happier than when he is at his beloved mountain home, mixing pleasantly with the villagers or going for long walks in the pine woods. He goes there frequently, taking advantage of the fact that he is able to travel backwards and forwards by 'plane in little more than three hours

IN THE WAKE OF SPAIN'S

SAVED FROM THE RED ICONOCLASTS: A statue of the Virgin carried through a village after the insurgents had driven the Government troops from the place and once again established religious freedom. During the Government occupation most of the images were wantonly destroyed, but this one was hidden away until the danger passed



Vale un dia de trabajo
Guareña 30 Sep 1936
C.Trabajo

Vale un dia de trabajo
Guareña 30 Sep 1936
C.Trabajo

Vale un dia de trabajo
Guareña 30 Sep 1936
C.Trabajo

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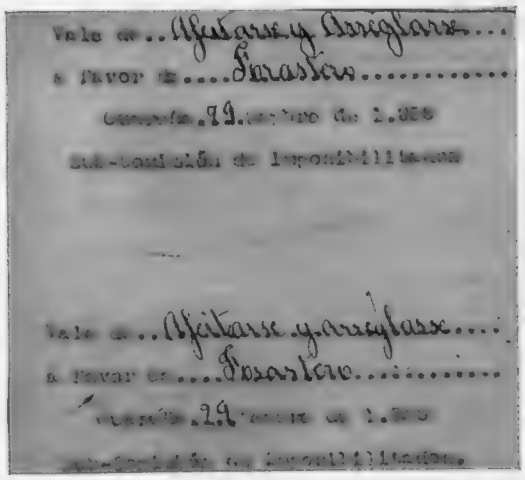
Guareña 30 Sep 1936
C. Trabajo

Vale un dia de trabajo
Guareña 30 Sep 1936
C. Trabajo

Vale un dia de trabajo
Guareña 30 Sep 1936
C. Trabajo

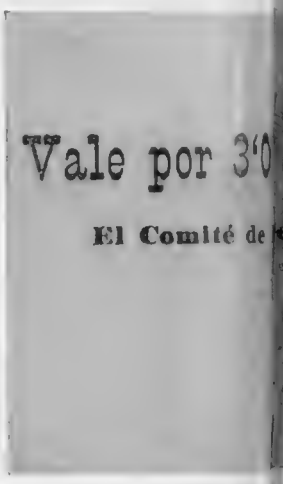
"VALID FOR ONE DAY'S WORK" is the inscription on each of these typewritten its followers by the Communist Committee of Labour in control of the town of dura, during the first weeks of the civil war. Anyone receiving such a voucher central office and exchange it for money, food, or commodities

FRANCO'S MEN: *Left*—General Varela, the rebel commander who relieved the Alcazar at Toledo, pictured after his capture of Ronda, the town which was subjected to a Communist regime during the early days of the civil war. *Right*—A member of the Policia Montada. Franco's volunteer brigade which has done such good work in the South



Vale de ..Afeitarse y Arreglarse....
a favor de ....Forastero.....
Guareña 29 [illegible] de 1.936
Sub-Comisión de Imposibilitados

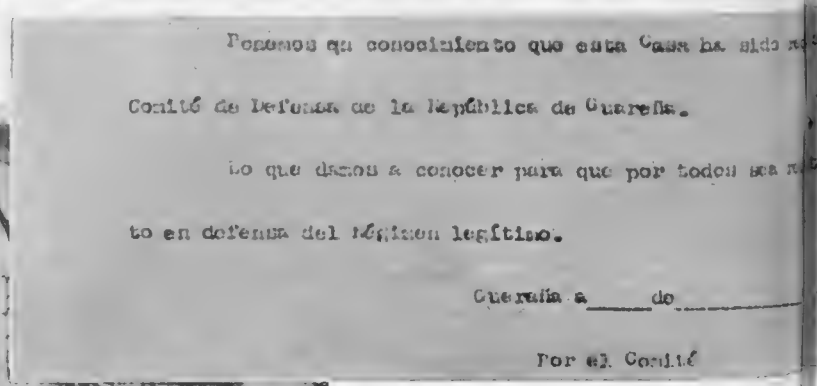
Vale de ..Afeitarse y arreglarse....
a favor de ....Forastero.....
Guareña 29 [illegible] de 1.936
Sub-Comisión de Imposibilitados



Vale por 3'0

El Comité de

MEDIUMS OF EXCHANGE: Two more examples of the manner in which local Communist Spain carried on their crude financial transactions in the days before they were This slip of paper was issued by a sub-committee of the Guarena Communist Labour and gave the holder the right to go to any of the barbers and receive a up" free of charge. *Right*—A pink slip which passed as money in Ronda, being



Ponemos en conocimiento que esta Casa ha sido re

Comité de Defensa de la República de Guareña.

Lo que damos a conocer para que por todos sea re

to en defensa del Régimen legítimo.

Guareña a ____ de _____

Por el Comité

NOTICE TO COMMANDEER: This document taken (after his flight) from the desk of the President of the so-called Republic of Guarena (it is a town of only 7,000 inhabitants), was one of many such issued by the local Defence Committee. It notified citizens that the house on which it was placed had been requisitioned by the "legitimate Administration." *On left*—A group of rebel supporters watching aeroplanes flying above Caceres after they had captured the town

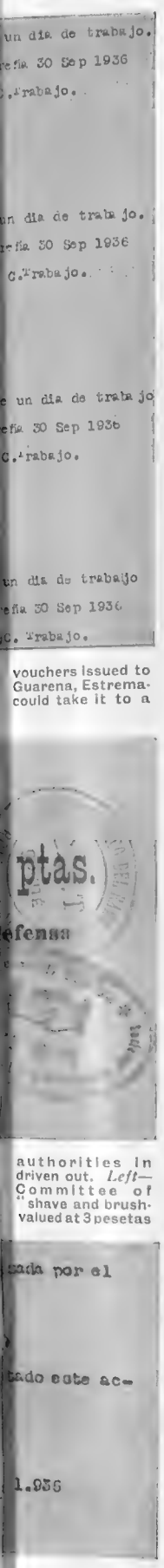
With a Correspondent at the Front

Unique Methods of Obtaining Historic Documents

The series of remarkable documents published above were obtained by an enterprising British journalist attached to General Franco's forces.

From the outset he was anxious to get documentary evidence of the workings of the local Soviet organisations in Spain, but found

REDS: Revealing Documents and Pictures Secured as the Communists Retreated Before the Insurgent Advance


un dia de trabajo.
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C. Trabajo.

vouchers issued to Guarena, Estrema- could take it to a

ptas.

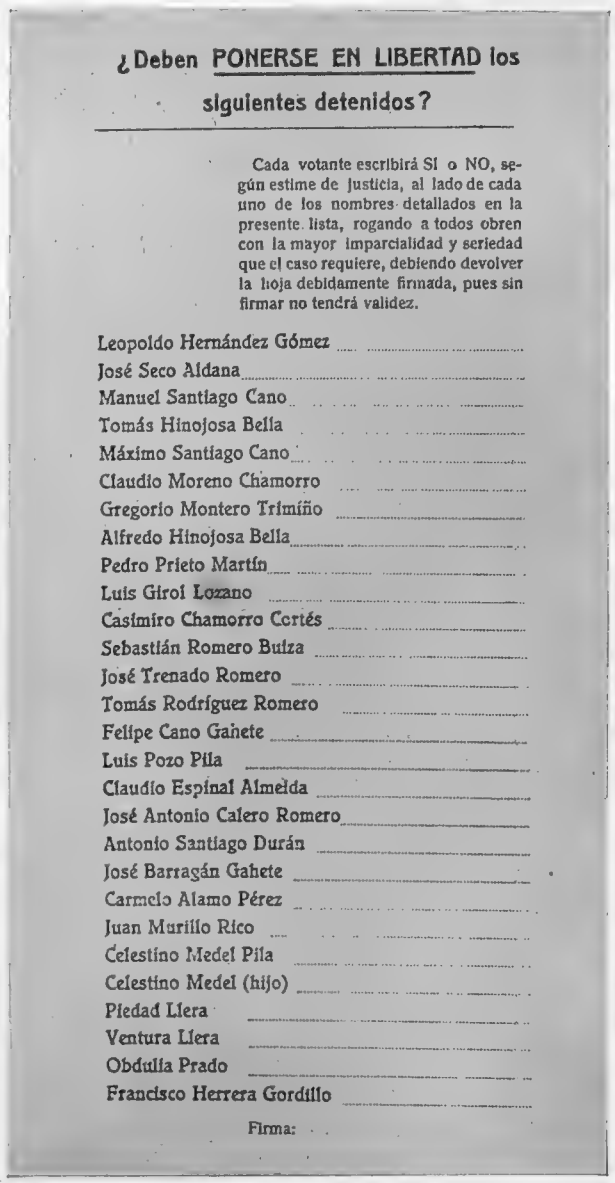
efensa

authorities in driven out. *Left*—Committee of "shave and brush- valued at 3 pesetas

sada por el

tado este ac-

1.936

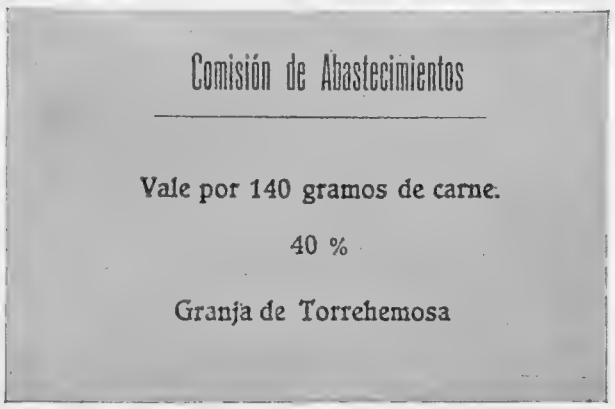

¿Deben PONERSE EN LIBERTAD los siguientes detenidos?

Cada votante escribirá SI o NO, según estime de justicia, al lado de cada uno de los nombres detallados en la presente lista, rogando a todos obren con la mayor imparcialidad y seriedad que el caso requiere, debiendo devolver la hoja debidamente firmada, pues sin firmar no tendrá validez.

Leopoldo Hernández Gómez
José Seco Aldana
Manuel Santiago Cano
Tomás Hinojosa Bella
Máximo Santiago Cano
Claudio Moreno Chamorro
Gregorio Montero Trimiño
Alfredo Hinojosa Bella
Pedro Prieto Martín
Luis Girol Lozano
Casimiro Chamorro Cortés
Sebastián Romero Buiza
José Trenado Romero
Tomás Rodríguez Romero
Felipe Cano Gahete
Luis Pozo Pila
Claudio Espinal Almeida
José Antonio Calero Romero
Antonio Santiago Durán
José Barragán Gahete
Carmelo Alamo Pérez
Juan Murillo Rico
Celestino Medel Pila
Celestino Medel (hijo)
Piedad Llera
Ventura Llera
Obdulia Prado
Francisco Herrera Gordillo

Firma:

BALLOT OF LIFE AND DEATH: "Ought the Following to be Set Free?" asks the heading on this printed list of suspects prepared by a Soviet town Government and circulated among the townspeople. The following instructions are given:—"Each voter will write Yes or No, according as he thinks just, at the side of each of the names in the list, all concerned being requested to show the greatest impartiality"


Comisión de Abastecimientos

Vale por 140 gramos de carne.

40 %

Granja de Torrehemosa

"VALID FOR 140 GRAMS OF MEAT": A ticket issued by the Committee of Food Supply at Torrehemosa. The name "Granja" is presumably that of the "exchange" butcher

STABLED IN THE AISLE: Horses in the church at Guarena after it had been desecrated by the reds; the altar being torn from the wall and all the images removed and burnt. Devout Spaniards would not now consider the place sacred, requiring it to be re-consecrated before services could be resumed. Destruction of this nature has been going on for six months, and the loss sustained by the Roman Church is incalculable

WHERE ANTI-CHRIST HELD SWAY: Another church after it had been subjected to the anti-religious savagery of the Communists. It was shorn of every adornment, only the bare walls remaining, and, needless to say, the valuable plate was melted down and sold

in the towns he entered after the victorious rebels that all papers of interest had been collected and placed in the hands of the invading commanding officer.

So in order to gain his object the correspondent decided in future to be in the very forefront of affairs, and as a result of imperilling his safety in this way was able to obtain examples of the permits and paper money issued by the reds, actually obtaining one of them from the desk of the President of the Republican town of Guarena.

Most of the documents are typewritten and are extremely crude, in more than one case the Spanish being hopelessly ungrammatical. It was not to be expected, though, that it would be otherwise.

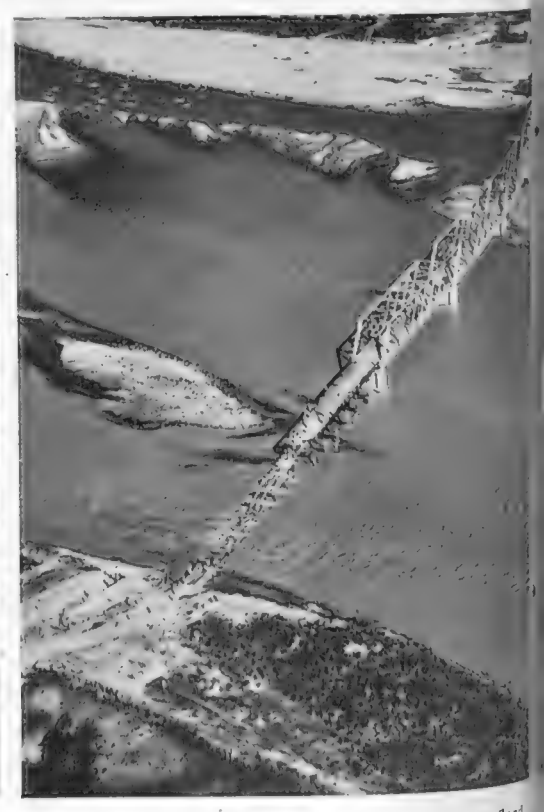
On right—AWAITING THE VERDICT OF THE NEW REGIME: A night scene in an Andalusian town after the reds had been driven out and General Franco's men were in possession. This group of civilians is gathered outside a building where a rebel tribunal is sitting, each man waiting to be interrogated and if set free to have his white armlet marked with the red rubber stamp that ensures freedom from all further interrogation

IN THE HURRICANE-

Glimpses of Life Among the Island
Severely in One of the Greates

BEFORE THE CHURCH AT QUIAPO: Without
islanders are for the most part Roman Cath
tion of just over 12,400,000. There is also a
ern science, proclaiming it superior to Biblica

WOMEN OF LUZON: *Above and on left*—Typical mem-
bers of the brown-skinned race which preponde-
rates in the Philippines, far outnumbering the
yellow and black peoples. As these two pictures
show the women dress with rare good taste



IN THE WAKE OF THE TYPHOON: Luzon, the
largest and most populous of the Philippine
Islands, has recently been involved in a
major disaster, a gale of extraordinary
violence being succeeded by overwhelming
floods. *Above*—A scene near the town of
Ilagan where the wind took a heavy toll of
lives and property. *Right*—A bridge in the
rich Cagayan valley farm district, a section
of which was carried away in the swirling flood
waters of the Rio Grande de Cagayan after it
had risen to a record high level. Altogether
fifty-four villages in an area of 3,500 square miles
were submerged, 80,000 people rendered home
less, 1,000 reported missing, and 118 were
known to be dead. To meet the emergency and
to carry out the necessary relief measures
President Quezan made a £100,000 gran

SWEPT PHILIPPINES

ers Who Have Recently Suffered Storms in the Archipelago's History

all is bustle: within a dim religious light. The lics, 9,925,479 being of this faith out of a popula- independent Filipino Church which adheres to mod- tradition, and denying the possibility of miracles

BEAUTIES OF MANILA: The woman in the foreground wears the national costume, while the girl behind affects Western dress. The women all have a great sense of colour

AN ELEGANT TURN-OUT: This is the type of two-wheeled carriage which is used to such a large extent on the islands, but few are as spick and span as this. The horses in the Philippines are largely of Mexican, Spanish, and Chinese origin. *On right*—Men engaged in roadwork on the island of Luzon. Two of them show the native dis- inclination to wear trousers which still persists even in the more civilised regions

The Cause of the Coup in China

General Chang Hsueh-Liang's Dramatic Bid for Power and what Lay Behind it

MARSHAL CHANG'S recent coup has done China no apparent harm. A fortnight ago civil war seemed certain; foreign war loomed. But to-day, on the surface at least, all is as before. General Chiang Kai-Shek, released from captivity, is still Premier, commander-in-chief of the army, and virtual dictator. The rebel "Young Marshal," Chang Hsueh-Liang, has been censured, pardoned, and left in command of an army of 100,000 men.

What promises were given to the Marshal in exchange for the Premier's freedom will hardly be made public. Perhaps only five persons know the exact terms agreed upon in the little bungalow at Sianfu where Chang kept his chief imprisoned for two weeks. Captor and captive were present, with Madame Chiang Kai-Shek and her brother Mr. T. V. Soong, and the Australian mediator, Mr. W. H. Donald whom they all trusted.

Was there also a shadowy sixth in the party? Was there a member of some group that had been backing the rebel? Was this representative of whatever party had been backing the "Young Marshal"? Was this sixth Japanese? Russian? a member of the Chinese Soviet? or merely some General jealous of General Chiang Kai-Shek's power?

To find the answer one can only watch the trend of future events. The discrepancy between Marshal Chang's original demand for war on Japan with Soviet assistance, and his final plea for money and forgiveness, leaves scope for speculation. However smooth the present political surface, it is impossible to believe that nothing has been changed by the event.

If the Premier should grow tolerant of Communism after six years of persistent campaigning against it, one could only conclude that the Marshal's coup had made the difference. If, however, Chang's motive was all the time mere money, veiled for decency's sake by the cry of patriotism, what is to prevent his trying again when the need arises?

However much the coup may have been inspired by sudden opportunity, there is no doubt also that the Marshal had it in mind for some time past. He was waiting his chance.

For the three years since his pledge of allegiance to the Nanking Government in January, 1934, Marshal Chang Hsueh-Liang has been kept close under the eye of the Generalissimo. With Chiang Kai-Shek first in Nanchang and latterly in Nanking, the Young Marshal was harmless enough in Hankow, separated from the mass of his army which had been left in Shensi Province. Recently he was dispatched to this northern province to lead his troops against the reds.

Arrived there, he found that they had been fraternising with the enemy. They had been persuaded that an alliance with the Soviet against Japan would ensure victory and a speedy return to their homes in Manchuria. The Marshal, hearing of this from his junior officers, must have allowed himself to toy with the pleasant thought. He had been a lord in Manchuria, the ruler over 30,000,000 people. He had owned the largest arsenal in China, and had commanded 200,000 soldiers. These were now in the hands of Japan and he was only one of hundreds of officers subordinate to General Chiang Kai-Shek.

When the Generalissimo literally dropped into Sianfu by airplane, without so much as a bodyguard, no doubt the temptation was too great for the dreaming Marshal to resist. He thrust his chief into the small cottage under the walls of his strong yamen and sent forth his ultimatum: a Soviet alliance, war against Japan, the restoration of Manchuria. Later, somehow or other, money was mentioned and the Marshal either forgot or relinquished his dreams.

There is every reason to believe that the motives for the coup were even more mixed than here appears. They usually are in the East. There was, for instance, a very definite reason for the "Young Marshal" to resent General Chiang's supremacy, and to hate him for it.

It was General Chiang Kai-Shek who led a "punitive exhibition" of southern soldiers against the "Young Marshal's" father, Chang Tso-lin, in 1926 and 1927. The old war-lord of Manchuria had entrenched himself in Peiping and had maintained a military dictatorship there for two years. He was forced to retreat before Chiang Kai-Shek's army. As his train entered his Manchurian capital, Mukden, a bomb (believed to have been planted by Japanese) exploded under it and the old satrap was killed. Chang Hsueh-Liang reigned in his father's stead, but his army had been weakened by the southerner's aggressions. He was unable to resist the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in September, 1931.

So when the aeroplane dropped General Chiang Kai-Shek into Sianfu on December 12 last, without even a bodyguard, it is quite possible that Marshal Chang captured him without compunction. It was tit for tat and looked like a chance to win back a kingdom.

Japan's allegation that Moscow was backing the Marshal is plausible in the light of the general Eastern situation. But Soviet Russia has repudiated the charge. The Russian counter-charge that Japan inspired the move in order to distract attention from her aggressions in Suiyang is harder to believe, since Chang had so little cause to love Japan.

F. E. Dean

CHANG AND CHIANG: This picture of Marshal Chang Hsueh-Liang (left centre), the man who recently held prisoner Chiang Kai-Shek, the Chinese Premier and C.-in-C., was taken some years ago at Mukden during a review held in celebration of the founding of the Chinese Republic. Chang Hsueh-Liang was then Governor of Manchuria, an office in which he had succeeded his father, the famous Chang Tso-Lin, who was assassinated in 1928, a year after Chiang Kai-Shek had ousted him from the military dictatorship he had established in Peiping. It is understandable, therefore, that the son should have wished to get the better of the man who was his father's greatest rival

THE HEADWATERS OF THE MIGHTY RIVER: Cattle being ferried across the Yangtze near the borders of Eastern Tibet and China. In this wild and desolate region the course of the stream has yet to be properly charted

Navigating the Yangtze Gorges

The Hazardous Journey Through a Scenic Wonderland from Ichang to Chungking

ON a hill above the Hsintan Rapids of the Upper Yangtze one finds a small and modest monument. It is a monument to the late Captain Cornell Plant, whose house stood on the very spot, and who is known as the pioneer of steam navigation of the Upper Yangtze.

About a thousand miles from the sea, between the river port of Ichang and the old picturesque city of Chungking, the Yangtze-kiang passes for more than 400 miles through a country which might be compared for its grandeur with the Swiss Alps and for its wildness with some of the American canyons. For more than 400 miles this river, one of the world's greatest waterways, carved its bed through this wild country, forming gorges through mountains, and rapids over cliffs. And this part of the river is comparable only to itself; it is one of the wonders of the world.

But wild as the river in these parts may be, it is the main, if not the only way of transportation between Chungking, the rich port of the rich province of Szechwan, and the different less important ports and Ichang, where the river loses its wildness and becomes a steady stream down to Hankow and Shanghai. Navigation on the Upper Yangtze had for years been carried on by Chinese boatmen who on their junks through gorges and over swirling rapids daily risked their lives in their calling. Captain Plant estimated that probably not 20 per cent. of the junks from Ichang reached Chungking unscathed and never without experiencing some hairbreadth escape. The glorious "Dragon Rapids" are said to be the most dangerous part of the river and Chinese say that the loss of life at this rapid during the low water level period averages three per day, and that the total loss of life among the boatmen between Ichang and Chungking averages 1,000 a year. We might again mention Captain Plant, who knew the river better than any other foreigner ever did, and who estimates that this number is much below the real truth. Travelling along the river one sees from time to time along the banks huts built with the wreck of a junk which had crashed and of whose crew some at least reached the shore, saved a part of the boat and of the freight, and now await an opportunity to find passage on other junks or if possible to repair their own boat.

Downward bound junks are manœuvred by twenty to thirty men at the oars, a pilot at the helm, and a captain on the "bridge." Upward bound junks for the greater part of the way and especially over the rapids are towed by trackers, strong sunburnt fellows whose only clothing in most cases consists of a blue or red piece of cloth round the head, and who, because they sometimes have to wade up to the belly through miles and miles of mud, are called both by foreigners and Chinese "Yangtze pigs."

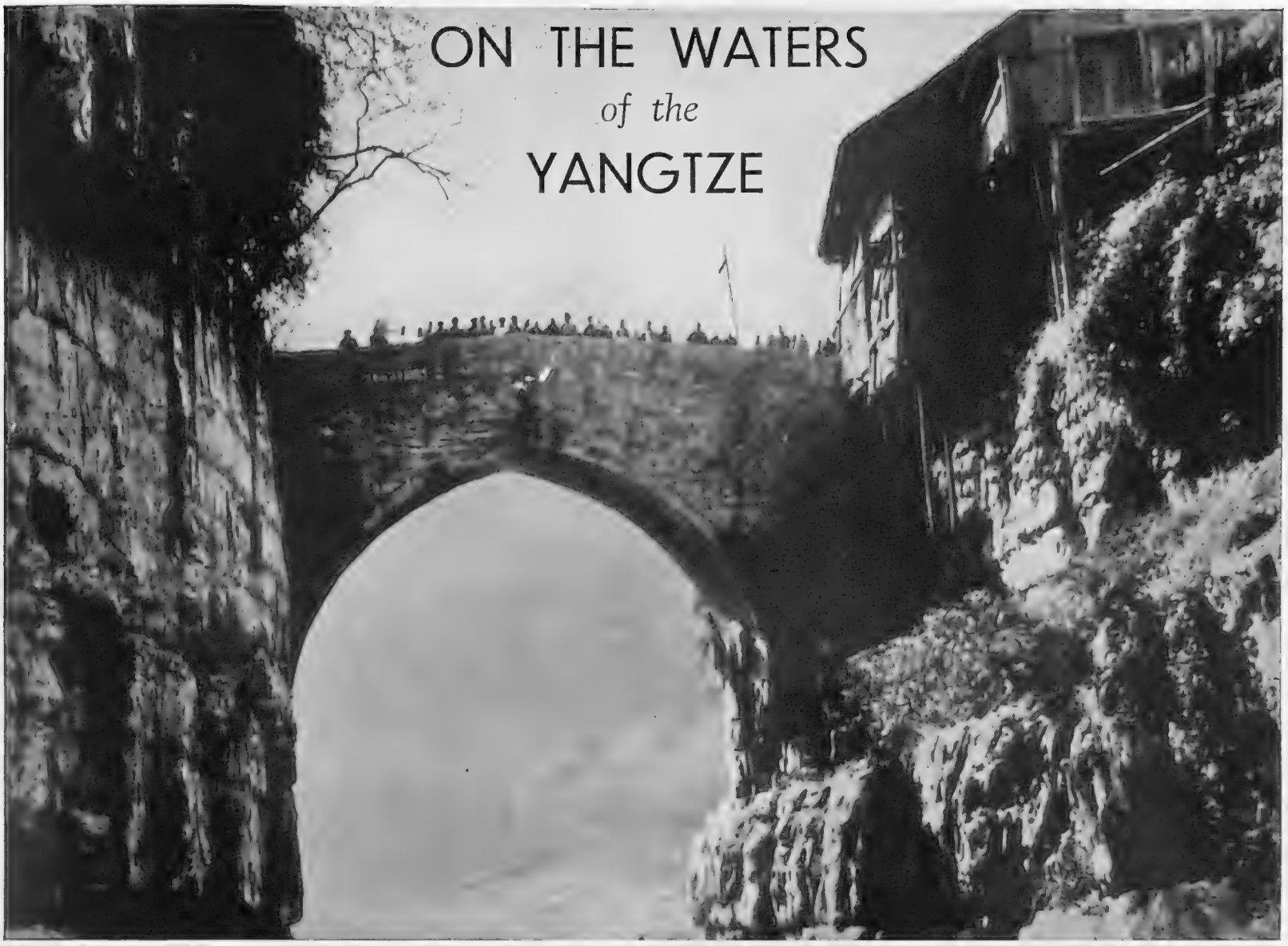
Such junks, at least the biggest of them, cost from 1,000 to 1,500 ounces of silver, reach over 150 ft. in length, carry 60 tons of cargo upstream and 90 tons down. The passage from Ichang to Chungking over these 400 dangerous miles takes, according to the season, twenty-five to sixty days, the crew tots up to over 100 men all told, and the running expenses are on an average between 700 and 800 Chinese dollars per trip.

The dangers and difficulties of the navigation of this part of the Yangtze might be figured out from the fact that in Chungking imported goods such as kerosene,

(*Continued on page* 108)

MOTORING BY THE BANKS OF THE YANGTZE: A car picking its tortuous way along the so-called road from Chungking to Cheng-tu, the capital of Szechwan

ON THE WATERS *of the* YANGTZE



A WATERWAY OF EXTREMES: A picturesque bridge set high above a tributary of the Yangtze-Kiang at a point where it joins the great river in the gorges between Ichang and Chungking. The structure has to be set high in this manner on account of the fact that the melting of the snows on the Tibetan highlands combined with the very heavy summer rainfall causes an annual rise in the waters of from 70 ft. to nearly 100 ft. When the river is highest navigation is safest, and naturally merchants do as much trading as they possibly can at this period of the year

WEIGHED DOWN BY A MIGHTY CATCH: A fishing craft loaded almost to the gunnel after a good haul on the lower reaches of the Yangtze, at a point where it broadens out to an estuary. *On left*—Tea being served on the deck of a river passenger steamer, one of many craft in which it is possible to travel in comfort up the first 1500 miles of the waterway

PERILOUS JOURNEY: This raft, consisting of two or three lighters lashed together, is carrying great bales of cotton downstream after harvesting time. The danger of capsizing is very great and whenever she meets a steamer she hugs the shore as closely as possible in order to escape the back wash. *On left*—Chinese passengers going aboard a steamer from the wharf at one of the river ports

TRANSPORT on CHINA'S GREAT RIVER HIGHWAY

New Glimpses of the Yangtze as it Passes through a Scenic Wonderland on its 3,000-Mile Course from the Tibetan Highlands to the Yellow Sea—Craft that Navigate the Hazardous Reaches

DANGER LURKING AT EVERY TURN: The pilot, who knows every inch of the river, guides the skipper by movements of his hand. The channel changes continually so that charts and landmarks cannot be wholly relied upon, but, through years of experience, the pilot is able to read the surface and avoid danger spots which perhaps only a day or two before were safe

PICKING HER WAY THROUGH THE SHOALS AND SANDBANKS: A typical passenger vessel passing upstream on the dangerous 400-mile journey between Ichang, Hupeh Province, and Chungking, Szechwan Province. This section of the Yangtze is the most hazardous of all, and it was not until 1898 that Archibald Little built the first steamer to make the trip. Fifteen years later a regular service was instituted, and nowadays boats pass up and down with regularity and frequency. But their safety depends entirely on the skill and ceaseless watchfulness of the pilots who belong to a Government-run organisation and reach a high standard of efficiency

THE BUSY RIVER PORT OF CHUNGKING: The towering cliff fronting the river against which are built the frail homes of some of the poorer folk. Chungking is the centre for the trade of a large area of south-west China, goods being brought to it by junk on the Yangtze from the coast, and distributed from there by smaller vessels going up the various tributaries

A YANGTZE TRADER: A craft belonging to a type that has been used on the river for centuries. Its immensely long helm aids in the negotiation of the rapids. *Below*—A steamer tied up alongside the bank for its nightly halt. It is impossible to navigate the stream after dark

STEAMING THROUGH THE ICHANG GORGES where the walls rise sheer for hundreds of feet, the river is narrow, and the current intensely strong. Every year lives are lost on this perilous reach and not a few junks go to their doom

ORGANISED LABOUR IN THE U.S.

The Rivalry of Green and Lewis for Leadership of the Growing Industrial Unions

FOLLOWING the re-election of Franklin Delano Roosevelt to the presidency, a friend of mine said to me:

"The country is now in the hands of the 'low-brows.'"

This is definitely true, although Mr. Roosevelt is a perfect gentleman. For at least as long as the force of his amazing victory endures the United States is to be ruled by the man who works with his hands, by the man who thinks, but who thinks within the narrow circumference of a limited education and experience. I am speaking of "organised labour." It is this fact which gives to the Roosevelt victory a restricted and a qualified magnificence.

There has never been in the United States a profoundly discerning labour leadership. It has been concerned mainly with higher wages and shorter hours. The nearest approach to vision has been offered by Sidney Hillman, whose organisation of men's clothing workers in Rochester, N.Y., came close to inspiration.

A POWER IN THE LAND: Mr. John Llewelyn Lewis (centre), one of America's leading trade unionists, presiding at a meeting of the Committee for Industrial Organisation—a body that has as its object the unionisation of the United States steel industry. Lewis's rivalry with William Green, President of the American Federation of Labour, has caused a serious split in the ranks of organised labour and the development of the personal conflict between these two powerful leaders is being watched with keen interest throughout the country

Perhaps the principal defect of "organised labour" in the United States has lain in the fact that it has never been concerned with the whole of labour, but only for its own paid membership. It has done little if anything for unskilled labour. It has been definitely hostile to negro and alien labour. It has been a private club, not recognising that its destiny is inevitably bound up with that of every man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Now there has developed in organised labour a fissure which is both menacing and promising. John Llewelyn Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers of America, the largest, wealthiest, and most powerful union in the country, has broken with William Green, president of the American Federation of Labour, and has carried away with him approximately one-third of the membership of the American Federation of Labour.

Part of the menace involved in this split is due to the fact that the break between Lewis and Green is due to a personal fight for power and leadership. A distinguished railroad labour leader told me recently that in his judgment there is no question but that Green's opposition to Lewis's Committee for Industrial Organisation is due to the fact that Lewis's plan will destroy the jobs of many politically influential men whom Green must "take care of," plus the fact that Lewis's proposal to substitute vertical integration for the traditional horizontal integration of craft unionism will tend to vest the real power in the workers.

The only thing that is more inspiring about Lewis's leadership than Green's is that Lewis is a man of undoubted ability. Green is a colourless and conventional figure who is merely concerned with the preservation of the *status quo*, if not with the revival of the *status quo ante*. So that the leadership of John L. Lewis is not especially thrilling. But there lie in the theory of vertical integration which he has adopted the seeds of life and death.

Prior to Roosevelt's re-election, Lewis, as part of his bid for power, called for the organisation of the steel workers of the United States. The steel industry shares with the public utilities the distinction of having most successfully resisted every effort to organise its workers. Back in the mauve decade Alexander Berkman shot and wounded Henry Clay Frick because of the allegedly ruthless manner in which he put down the first seriously attempted steel strike. In 1936 Lewis demanded the organisation of the steel workers, and proposed at the same time, in order to make any strikes called in the steel industry effectual, to call contemporary strikes in the motor-car and rubber industries.

There is no doubt but that Green would like to organise all these industries, but there were two factors to be considered. Green didn't believe that he could organise these industries at this time, and he does not appear to have been too confident of Roosevelt's re-election. Also, the proposal had come from his chief rival, Lewis. So Green refused. Lewis then called for secession from the American Federation of Labour to the Committee of Industrial Organisation. The call was answered, notably by the proudest of all United States labour organisations, the International Typographical Union, of which Charles P. Howard is the president.

Prior to the election one could predict with confidence that, if Roosevelt were re-elected, there would be a strike in the steel industry. That is not now necessarily the case. Roosevelt's re-election was such an avalanche that the power of private capital in the United States, for some time at least, is broken, Labour can probably have almost anything it wants. The Republicans in the campaign spent approximately 7,000,000 dollars to stem the tide of organised labour, and, for all that they achieved, they might better have contributed that sum to some worthy charity.

In the light of the victory, Lewis is resting on his oars and contemplating, and to an extent using a new technique. He is not calling any strikes. He is not resisting the organisation of "company unions," which were launched by private capital as part of its drive against the American Federation of Labour. He is allowing and encouraging the organisation of such unions by management, and, as they are organised, he is undertaking to step in and take control of the unions which the managements have created as a defence against him. In other words, he is allowing his enemies to do his spade work.

It would be rash for any man to predict what will come out of this. There are too many loose ends, and the change of front and character in the whole labour and political situation in the United States is too radical. It must suffice to say that whatever is done apparently is going to be done peaceably, and that whatever is done must inevitably be qualified by the credit of the United States and by the menacing situations in Europe, in Asia, and in almost every other part of the world.

Nelson Springer

Form SS-4
TREASURY DEPARTMENT
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

U. S. SOCIAL SECURITY ACT No. ....

EMPLOYER'S APPLICATION FOR IDENTIFICATION NUMBER

1. City .... County .... State ....
2. Business name of establishment ....
3. Address .... (Street and Number or P.O. Box)
4. Approximate number of persons now employed .... (Means all persons receiving salaries, wages, or commissions, including executives)
5. Describe fully the exact nature of your business ....
6. (a) If a manufacturing concern, state principal products ....
   (b) If a nonmanufacturing concern, state principal goods or services sold ....
7. If this establishment is a branch or a subsidiary company, give name and address of headquarters.

(Signed) ....
Date .... Official position ....
(Detach along this line) 16—5562

AMERICA'S VAST PENSION PLAN: The preliminary form all employers in the United States have had to fill in under the Social Security Act, thus providing a check on the information sent in independently by employees

There has recently gone into effect in the United States the much-debated Social Security Act which is designed to enable about 26,000,000 workers to retire at the age of sixty-five with a monthly income for life. The minimum income will be 10 dollars a month and the maximum income 85 dollars a month. These figures may be compared with the 200 dollars a month originally proposed by the Townsend Old Age Pension Fund organisation. In order to be eligible for the income, a worker must have worked one day or more in each of the five years subsequent to 1936, and must have earned during that period at least 2,000 dollars. The law does not require any worker to retire, but at any age after sixty-five that he does retire he will begin to receive his income. The income will also be paid to him regardless of how much money or property he may have accumulated. Thus a man as wealthy as John D. Rockefeller would be mailed his monthly cheque regularly. If a man dies prior to retirement age, his family is to receive a cash payment of 3½ cents on every dollar of wages earned by the man subsequent to 1936. If a man were to die at the age of sixty-four, after having earned 25 dollars a week for ten years previously, his family would receive a cash payment of 455 dollars

TO EMPLOYEE

Read carefully all instructions in this folder before form. Treasury Regulations require completion and to your local postmaster not later than December 5, 1936.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT
INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE

U. S. SOCIAL SECURITY ACT
APPLICATION FOR ACCOUNT NUMBER

1. .... (EMPLOYEE'S FIRST NAME) (MIDDLE NAME) (LAST NAME)
2. .... (STREET AND NUMBER) 3. (POST OFFICE) (STATE)
4. .... (BUSINESS NAME OF PRESENT EMPLOYER) 5.
6. .... (AGE AT LAST BIRTHDAY) 7. (DATE OF BIRTH: (MONTH) (DAY) (YEAR) (SUBJECT TO LATER VERIFICATION) 8. (PLACE OF BIRTH)
9. .... (FATHER'S FULL NAME) 10
11. SEX: MALE ...... FEMALE ...... 12. COLOR: WHITE ...... NEGRO ...... OTHER ......
13. IF REGISTERED WITH THE U. S. EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, GIVE NUMBER OF REGISTRATION CARD
14. IF YOU HAVE PREVIOUSLY FILLED OUT A CARD LIKE THIS, STATE
15. .... (DATE SIGNED) 16
DETACH ALONG THIS LINE

THE EMPLOYEE'S APPLICATION FORM which had to be filled in by December 5, 1936 by all those workers in the United States wishing to qualify for the retiring pensions of from ten to eighty-five dollars a month under the provisions of the new Social Security Act

A NEW PALACE of INDUSTRY

Gillette's Vast Factory on the Great West Road and Other Matters of Current Interest

RISEN FROM THE STUBBLE! "Did you know that each man grows at least 250 ins. of hair on his face each day and that the daily growth on the face of British manhood is 50,000 miles over an area of 125 acres?" said Sir George Broadbridge, the Lord Mayor of London, when he opened the new Gillette factory on the Great West Road last week. This vast works, planned to meet the needs of clean-shaven Britain, has been designed by Sir Banister Fletcher, the eminent architect, and has, as depicted on left, an imposing clock tower as its central feature, rising to a height of 150 ft. above ground level. *Above*—The main entrance

1,500,000 RAZOR BLADES PER DAY is the capacity of the new Gillette works, a striking building with spacious windows designed to let in the maximum of light and air. It is the largest cutlery factory in Europe and has very nearly 1,000 employees. They work a five-day week of 41½ hours—Saturday being entirely free

On left—A FAMOUS LONDON HOUSE TO GO: No. 17, Bruton Street, Berkeley Square, town residence of the Earl of Strathmore, father of Queen Elizabeth, and the birthplace of Princess Elizabeth. In March the lease of the place and of the surrounding property falls in and a large block of flats, shops, and offices will probably be erected on the site

A NEW THAMES-SIDE LANDMARK: The imposing 200-ft. drill tower at the new headquarters of the London Fire Brigade at Lambeth on the south side of the river. The tower is not quite completed yet, but the extent to which it dominates the surrounding buildings can be clearly seen

FRANCE OVER AFRICA

Her Great Moroccan Possession Viewed

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE WHITE ROOFS OF MOULAY IDRIS, the holy city to which 100,000 pilgrims flock annually, glimpsed through a ruined archway in neighbouring Volubilis, the old Roman fortress town of Morocco where so many important finds have been made of recent years. *On right*—Meknes and one of the French-built roads leading to it

IT was entirely a last-minute choice that sent me in search of hot sunshine to Marrakech in Morocco the other day. Up to the eleventh hour I had been intending to go to Cairo. To say that I do not regret the switch of plans would be the grossest understatement. I have never spent a more enjoyable nor a more interesting time in my life. For I did not merely visit Marrakech. I also inspected Fez—the capital of French Morocco; the holy city of Rabat where the Sultan lives; Casablanca, which is the Marseilles of French Morocco; and Meknes.

The odd part of it was that before my departure I was unable to secure anything approaching accurate information as to the climate, the comforts, and the diversions even from the experts. I knew that it bordered Spanish Morocco and was therefore of international political interest; but whether it was a French colony or a French protectorate was a mystery to me.

But what is it really like and how do you get there? Well, you can go either direct to Gibraltar and thence to Casablanca from London, or by Paris, Marseilles, and then on the Paquebot line to Casablanca. Or again you can fly in 10½ hours from Marseilles to Casablanca.

This city is an astonishing example of what concentrated civilisation can produce in a short time. Twenty years ago it was a small and grubby town. To-day it has nearly 500,000 inhabitants and one of the finest harbours in existence. It has cinemas, theatres, and even a non-stop Marathon dance still in progress. It has broad thoroughfares and, of course, a large native quarter where at once you find that the Arabs and the Berbers are a great deal cleaner in their habits than most other races in North Africa.

On left—TONSORIAL TREATMENT: How the Arab barber plies his trade in the market place. A picture taken by Mrs. Charles Graves

RELIC OF THE ROMAN OCCUPATION: A fine bronze figure of a hound unearthed at Volubilis, the Moroccan town whose ancient remains were left untouched by the archæologists until about fifty years ago

A GATEWAY OF RABAT, seat of the Sultan of Morocco and headquarters of the French administration. *On right*—Mr. Graves at the tombs of Marrakech, where the Saadian sultans lie buried

You also discover that French Morocco is an armed camp. The streets are full of troops—Spahis, Zouaves, Foreign Legionaries, Gunners, Chasseurs d'Afrique, and Tirailleurs Marocains. They all have picturesque uniforms. The baggy blue breeches of the Spahis with their red jackets contrast with the baggy red breeches and blue jackets of the Tirailleurs Marocains. The virgin white forage caps of the Foreign Legion are equally noticeable, while a few miles away at Rabat the eye is regaled with the two battalions of the Sultan's own bodyguard—magnificent looking men as black as your hat in scarlet tunics and bloomers, most with earrings in their ears, with green collars, white belts, blue puttees, and turbans either of black and white or green and white check. The officers with their horizon blue kepis and big capes, and an occasional Mehariste in his Camel Corps uniform also remind one of pre-war Vienna.

All the big towns have large garrisons, and very smart they are. There are forts and more forts; for the French Government is taking no chances about any spread of contagion from the Spanish-Moroccan frontier. As Mr. Winston Churchill pointed out last year, "The French act with something of the assurance which distinguished the builders of our Indian Empire in bygone times. They have a purpose and are not at all ashamed of it. Their purpose is not to hand over the country to its inhabitants, but on the contrary to develop it with the utmost energy for the enrichment of all classes in Morocco and the important indirect advantage of France. They govern to a large extent through the Arab chiefs but in the ultimate issue their will is not to be questioned."

When Mr. Churchill refers to Arab chiefs he presumably means El Glaoui. El Glaoui owns half Morocco personally. It is he who is responsible for the quietude of all the wild Arab tribes south of Morocco beyond the Atlas Mountains down to the deep south where the limits of Morocco are not even marked; the Sultan of Morocco being merely the religious chief and of no territorial or military significance. At this point one should remember that it is only ten years ago really that French Morocco passed under the sway of the Quai d'Orsay, although the final major battle between the French troops and the Berbers took place only three years ago.

El Glaoui is a man in the early fifties. It is difficult to assess how many armed tribesmen obey him, but they run into very many thousands. Consequently, in August, 1914, the late Marshal Lyautey, the architect of French Morocco, gave him large powers and every kind of inducement to keep his subjects quiet, thus enabling the movement of as many French troops as possible to the Continent. El Glaoui (the paramount chief of Marrakech is his subsidiary title) has always been a shrewd man. He bargained successfully with the Marshal and kept his word. Year after year the French have paid him large sums of money on various pretexts. With it he has built palaces, a golf course (which cost 9,000,000 francs), blocks of buildings in Casablanca, and has bought immense quantities of jewellery as well as fleets of the latest luxury motor cars.

The problem that faces the French is not obvious at the moment, but it is this—how much power do they propose to give to the Pasha's son and heir when he succeeds? The latter, an exceedingly good-looking boy of twenty-four, is known as the Caid of Telwat. He was educated in France, spending over ten years there. He likes civilisation, but when his uncle died and his father told him to return to his native land he did so without a murmur. What of the future? The Pasha is busy all the time delegating more and more of his authority to his son, arranging that he should be recognised as the acknowledged leader of all the tribes in the South, and even handing over different sections of his income. In this way he evidently hopes that when he dies his son will automatically be able to command the same revenue not only from the natives who, under existing French rule, can be taxed in certain ways by the Pasha direct, but also from the French Government. French army officers to whom I have spoken smile cynically when you suggest that the Caid of Telwat will be as powerful as his father. "Things are very different now" they will tell you. "We have as much influence with the tribesmen of the South as the Pasha and his son combined. The successor of El Glaoui will have purely nominal powers." Well, that remains to be seen. It is quite possible that the Caid of Telwat will be prepared, in return for some very considerable income, to hand everything over to the French and spend the rest of his life in Europe. But will he?

So much for the political aspect of French Morocco which, surprisingly enough, is almost as large as France in area, and a great deal bigger than England. French Morocco can be described as a cold country with a hot sun, which I find most agreeable. Thus at this time of year the tangerine trees, the orange trees, and the grape-fruit trees are all in full fruit. You can pick them and eat them, just like that, under a sun hot enough to make a hat desirable. And yet when the sun goes down you want a great-coat if you are out of doors. French Morocco is a land of fruit trees. It is true that the local banana tree does not produce fruit approaching that of the Canary Isles, but the apricot trees, the date palms, the tangerine trees, the orange trees, the olives, the quince trees, the cherry trees, the plum trees, and the fig trees flourish like apple trees in Morocco. There are also almond trees, walnut trees, and so many vineyards that these are now being strictly rationed owing to the menace they are causing the wine growers of France itself. Tomatoes, artichokes, peas, beans, and potatoes are all first class — particularly the potatoes. I should also mention the forests of cork trees and forests of cedar; while in the spring the earth, I am told, is a scented carpet of wild daffodils, hyacinths, narcissus, and iris. Yes, the French are undoubtedly on a very good thing in Morocco. There is any amount of cattle and sheep. Indeed, sheep are said to be indigenous to the Atlas Mountains.

It is odd, by the by, to find advertisements in all the local Moroccan papers urging the attractions of

Continued on page 108)

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*

HEAD LINES in FELT and FEATHERS

*

A cocktail hat with a scoop-like brim set on as a separate piece and swirled round to form a high crown with a claret-coloured feather pad in the centre. The wide meshed veil has a deep fine border edged with embroidery. Black hats, with a dash of colour, are always superlatively chic

Peter Clarke

Veils rise—and fall

Feathers again, flat and soignée, their lustre emphasised by the beautiful colour combination in the hat photographed immediately above. In Coronation blue and a soft deep red, it has a high square front sloping away to the neck at the back, and its severe outline is softened by a capricious veil

A simple hat with a perfect line is seen on the right. It is a black felt matelot with a bow at the side front and a brim which is folded up from the crown. Its price is 49s. 6d., it could be worn with almost any type of clothes, and it completes this trio from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

ON THE AIR: Reginald Tate who plays a leading part in Helen Jerome's dramatised version of Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* and who was heard by wireless listeners last week when members of the cast went to Broadcasting House to give extracts from the play

DRAMA:

"Night Sky," a Good Play with a Strong Propaganda Element: "Hamlet" Without "Cuts" at the Old Vic: Puccini at Covent Garden

By PHILIP PAGE

IF you are sick of pantomimes (and not too sick of the 'flu to attend theatres) you will find in *Night Sky* at the Savoy demon kings in the form of hostile and murderous aircraft. There the parallel ceases, for this is a tragic and serious play. It has a happy ending—of a sort—which is the least credible thing about it. The rest is only too vivid and, alas, only too possible.

We do not need either plays or newspaper magnates to proclaim our national weakness in aerial defence, though the harder both hammer in the fact, the better. *Night Sky* shows, as other plays have done before but never so convincingly, what is likely to happen should war break out without any preliminary cantering and London be bombed by enemy aeroplanes in overwhelming force.

Our own R.A.F. machines are annihilated. Defeat is instantaneous and the Government begs for an armistice, which is given, on terms of complete ignominy.

But for commercial or patriotic reasons, or possibly both, the author cannot let his play end there, which is where it should end. Indeed there is no other end for it. If this had been a melodrama of a quarter of a century ago the last act would have been tidied up gallantly and picturesquely, and a happy conclusion secured, by the British Navy. We do not hear much about the Navy; this time it is the gallant pilots of the R.A.F. True, their machines had, as I have mentioned, been destroyed. But it seems that civil machines were available and in these the hero and his pals go up and attack and defeat the enemy aeroplanes which were still hovering over London. So all is well.

I do not see why those enemy aeroplanes should still have been hovering, since they had done their job; moreover, they must have had a miraculously inexhaustible supply of petrol. Still, their presence enabled a crushing defeat to be turned into an unexpected and inexplicable victory, and that is the main thing. Besides, if *Night Sky* is to teach a lesson, which I imagine to be one of its objects, the longer it runs the better; the public do not care for patriotic and heroic plays which depress them.

Since a play cannot be written simply round myriads of aeroplanes, the human element is introduced in the form of a decent middle-class family, with a home somewhere near London and the R.A.F. hero as the principal ornament of it. The members of the family are "pegs"; but they are sketched with individuality and are not puppets. And the parts are well played by Miss Margaret Scudamore (the mother—with a touch of humour), Mr. Bernard Lee (pilot), Miss Jane Welsh, Mr. Bryan Coleman, and Miss Helen Haye. *Night Sky* provides plenty of intelligent discussion in the matter of pacifism v. militarism, the philosophy of force, nationalist ideals, and so forth, and it never fails to be exciting.

It is not too noisy. Nervy people who hate stage bangs will be relieved to learn that the "bombing" will not harass them.

"AT THE SAN REMO": Eileen Peel, Diana Wynyard, Cyril Raymond, Louis Borell, Kathryn Hamill, and Arthur Macrae in the restaurant scene in *Heart's Content*, the new play at the Shaftesbury which gives Miss Wynyard another chance to reveal to London audiences the faultless poise and genuine distinction of her acting

"Hamlet."—The point which seems chiefly to have been seized upon in the present production of *Hamlet* at the Old Vic is that the play is given without the usual "cuts." What I consider much more important is that it has a good Hamlet in Mr. Laurence Olivier. Indeed, it is oddly unfair that the concentration on the inclusion of unfamiliar lines and scenes should have to some extent put Mr. Olivier's excellent performance in the shade.

He recently, it will be remembered, played Mercutio to Mr. John Gielgud's Romeo, and for some performances they exchanged parts, just as Henry Irving and Booth did in the long ago with Othello and Iago. So there is no harm, and some point, in comparing Mr. Olivier's Hamlet with the vastly successful one of Mr. Gielgud

Frankly, I prefer it; although my admiration for Mr. Gielgud's versatility and charm is profound, I am not among the worshippers of his Hamlet, mainly because it lacked the very qualities in which Mr. Olivier excels. If Hamlet was a thinker rather than a man of action, there was nothing precious and lackadaisical about him. Mr. Olivier is virile, but not too virile: his is an intelligent reading, but he never considers that intelligence must go hand-in-hand with semi-inaudibility. The Old Vic is a largish theatre, and he is not afraid at times to, as it were, "go off the deep end" and let us hear what he is talking about—or even shouting about. I dislike your confidential Hamlets.

Mr. George Howe's Polonius is familiar. He has altered his performance somewhat; it is still good and in certain respects better. Miss Dorothy Dix as the Queen was on sound and dignified lines. I do not blame Miss Cherry Cottrell for attempting to strike out on a different tack as Ophelia, though I do not understand the necessity for it; unfortunately the voyage was not very successful. Mr. Francis Sullivan as the King, and Mr. Robert Newton as Horatio were both most interesting.

The general production, for which Mr. Tyrone Guthrie is responsible, was so smooth and slick—if Shakespeare can be said to be slick—that one hardly noticed the length of the play and the "entirety" business. It was only obvious that the play as the author wrote it was rather better than the play as other people have rearranged it. And that goes for most authors and most plays.

One last point. Mr. Olivier said "O that this too too *sullied* flesh would melt." I am told there is erudite foundation for that word "sullied." If there is I refuse to swallow a bit of it. The antithesis of the word "melt" is in itself sufficient argument for the preservation of "solid." Besides, how did Hamlet's flesh become "sullied"? Who did the sullying, and when, and where?

But perhaps Mr. Olivier became for the moment a tragedian of the old school and pronounced solid in that fashion. Did not Irving say "Gud"?

"Manon Lescaut"—Sir Thomas Beecham was wise to include in his winter season at Covent Garden Puccini's early opera *Manon Lescaut*. It is an immature work, but characteristic and wholly charming—in every way vastly superior to the more popular *Manon* of Massenet.

One outstanding fact about Puccini is that his career as a composer was not one crescendo of excellence, though two of his finest operas, *Gianni Schicchi* and *Turandot* came at the end of it. If his genius was at its brightest with the immortal *La Bohème*, it was sadly dimmed by the sugar-cake *Madame Butterfly*; and *The Girl of the Golden West*, which came later still, is very poor stuff.

I can imagine a weak performance of *Manon Lescaut* would be very trying. Fortunately the present performances

(Continued on page 105)

ETERNAL TRIANGLE: Ann (Diana Wynyard) and her husband (Cyril Raymond) once again meet Von Roden (Louis Borell), the erstwhile waiter who is now a leading light in the Austrian Foreign Office, and the drama revolves intensely round the conflicting passions of the three. Another episode from *Heart's Content* at the Shaftesbury

FILM ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE

New Pictures Showing and About to Be Shown in the West End

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION PROVIDES ANOTHER FILM THEME: Two stills from the London Film Production, *Knight Without Armour*, which has just been completed at Denham and will probably have its eagerly awaited première in London this March. *Left*—The British Secret Service agent (Robert Donat) and Countess Alexandra (Marlene Dietrich) whom he is helping to escape from "Red" Russia and both of whom are disguised in peasant dress, attempt to board an overcrowded refugee train. *Right*—A close-up of Robert Donat who has a part very similar to that which he played so well in *The Thirty-Nine Steps*

ADVENTURE IN PROSPECT: Stanfield of the British Secret Service in St. Petersburg (Frederick Culley) persuades "A.J." (Robert Donat), a journalist who has been threatened with expulsion from Russia, to become a secret agent. One of the opening episodes in *Knight Without Armour*, which promises to be one of the hits of 1937

"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE": Errol Flynn as Major Geoffrey Vickers in the spectacular Crimean war picture which has been proving such a draw at the Carlton. The film is fine entertainment but in it historical facts have been distorted to an extraordinary degree, and the idea of making the famous blunder which led to the Balaclava Charge a deliberate act of self immolation on the part of a love-lorn officer could only have been conceived in Hollywood. *On Left*—Loretta Young and Don Ameche in the new Technicolor version of *Ramona*—that popular Red Indian romance of the silent days. The film, though attractive pictorially and having a few powerfully dramatic moments, has not quite the same vitality and charm as the original

WHEN STATESMEN MEET: The Disarmament Conference scene in the Grosvenor film *Midnight Special* is set in a detailed reconstruction of the famous Locarno Room at the Foreign Office. The picture, which includes in the cast Charles Farrell, Fritz Kortner, and the Elstree discovery Margaret Vyner, is really a drama of newspaper life though it also has a semi political theme. It is being made at Pinewood, the new film studios built on the estate at Iver, Buckinghamshire, at one time belonging to the late Lieut.-Colonel Grant Morden. The stages there cover nearly 7½ acres and the equipment is as up to date as any in Hollywood

SCREEN VERSION OF A STAGE HIT: Binnie Hale, Jean Cadell, and Ann Harding (whose first British film this is) in *Love from a Stranger*, based on the play of the same name. *Below*—Basil Rathbone as the "romantic stranger," who has already murdered five women who loved him, and Ann Harding as his potential sixth victim

HOLLYWOOD'S STARLET No. 1: Shirley Temple as Dimples Appleby and Frank Morgan as her father, a broken down actor of the Shakespearian school, in the Twentieth Century-Fox picture, *Dimples*, which recently had its London premiere at the Regal, Marble Arch. The theme is hardly up to standard, but there will be no mistake of this kind in Shirley's next picture, which is based on Kipling's *Wee Willie Winkie*. John Ford, who made *The Informer*, is directing it

MONTE CARLO PROVIDES A SETTING: Valerie Hobson (seated right centre) in *Thief in the Night* which Raoul Walsh is directing for Criterion Films and promises to be quite good entertainment. Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., is playing the lead

DRAMA (Continued from page 102)

are on an extremely high level, thanks largely to Mr. Constant Lambert, who is making his debut at Covent Garden as an operatic conductor. He brings out all the clean musicianship of Puccini, and does not allow the more luscious passages to grow "slimy." He secures some spirited playing from the orchestra, with many a crashing fortissimo, but is never unsympathetic to the singers.

Manon and Des Grieux are Italians—Augusta Oltrabella and Piero Menescaldi.

AKESPEARE UNABRIDGED: Cherry Cottrell (*above*) as Ophelia and Laurence Olivier (*right*) in the title role in Tyrone Guthrie's production of *Hamlet* at the Old Vic. The play is presented in its entirety—a rare occurrence

former, who has a flexible voice a le hard in tone, is a newcomer; the r is a first-rate tenor of his type and heard here a few seasons ago as eo. They are not afraid to let themes go in a way the music demands. Geronte I heard—and almost failed hear—was weak; but Mr. Dennis le is an admirable Lescaut and our friend M. Octave Dua lends his usual action to a tiny part.

he Great "Die Fledermaus"

stery.—One of the theatrical traditions that is quite an unconscionable time a-dying is that the story of *Die Fledermaus* is irresistibly funny. I remember as a youngster being taken to a performance of it and being told beforehand that I was a little boy who, like little Audrey, was going to laugh and laugh and laugh. I did not laugh. I was also told that Johann Strauss's melodies sparkled like champagne. Being then unacquainted with anything nearer to champagne than ginger pop, I had perforce to accept the analogy with childlike obedience.

Having now arrived at years of discretion and experience in the matter of liquor I admit the sparkle of those tunes, though ginger-pop is perhaps nearer the mark than champagne. That may be in part because I am rather tired of them and also because, as conducted by Mr. Stanford Robinson at Covent Garden the other night, they cheered but did not come within a mile of inebriating.

Mr. Stanford Robinson, making his debut as a conductor in that historic building, is a conscientious musician who knows his job in the sense that he did not let the performance down. But he did not lift it up, and his treatment of Viennese waltz tunes had the grave decorum of Stanford in B flat about it. In the main waltz theme, for instance, there is, just before the fourth bar, a

hardly perceptible "catch in the breath"—not big enough to be marked as a pause, yet important and traditional and invariably secured by Continental conductors (Bruno Walter knows all about it) and by some English ones, though not many. The same "catch," "hesitation"—call it what you will—is in the opening phrase of the last movement of the Brahms violin concerto. Without this the phrase is ordinary. But I digress, perhaps somewhat technically.

The care bestowed on this yarn of night-life in Vienna, vintage 1874, throughout the succeeding years has been remarkable. I still cannot laugh at it, any more than I could laugh at it, in infancy, in its pre-war musical-comedy form, *Night Birds*, which had a run at the Lyric Theatre, or at a version in New York, entitled, if I remember aright, *Champagne Sec*. I believe that one day the adventures of these gay young sparks and of that walk through the streets by one of them disguised as a bat (hence the name) after a fancy-dress ball will suddenly be recognised generally as the dull things they are, much after the fashion of the fairy story of the Emperor Without Any Clothes.

It is the rather snobbish fashion to say that performances of *Die Fledermaus* by a German company are the very zenith of gaiety but that it is a work no English company can tackle. I do not believe a word of this, though I have seen English audiences painstakingly roaring away at German performances when probably not 10 per cent. of them understood a word of German. Last week's performances in English, which are to be repeated, had much merit in them. The fault was over-emphasis, which may be excused by the theory, though it is a mistaken one, that if you have unfunny material it will become funny if you work hard at it and, in the language of the profession, "bung it over for all you are worth." Mr. Heddle Nash was the chief offender in this respect; he was so noisy and restless that he not only became irritating but spoiled his vocal tone.

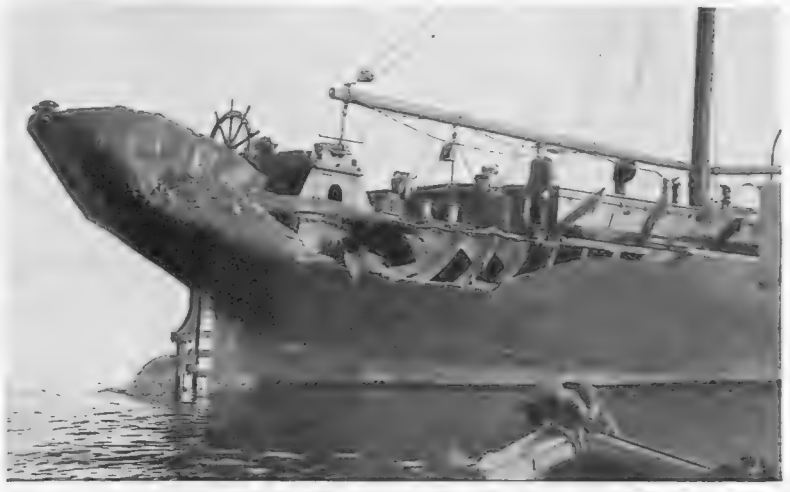
By far the best performance was that of Mr. Percy Heming, since he had the wisdom to exercise restraint and also a perfect sense of timing. In short, he is a good actor.

BRIGHT ENTERTAINMENT: Margaret Carlisle whose witty and vivacious performance in the part of Rosalinde is one of the outstanding features of Johann Strauss's operetta *Die Fledermaus* now added to the Winter Season repertory at Covent Garden

A LAST LOOK ROUND

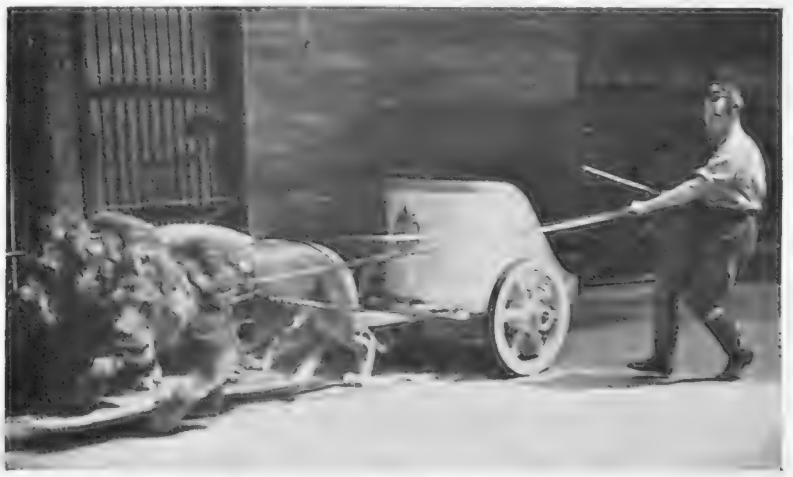
AFTER THIRTY YEARS of lending dignity to Victoria Square, Leeds, this statue of Queen Victoria has been moved to Woodhouse Moor. The task of transferring it was accomplished without a hitch

OVER A THOUSAND PERFORMERS from England and the Continent took part at the Folk Dance Societies' Silver Jubilee Festival at the Albert Hall. This bagpipe player, picturesquely clad in a sheepskin, provided the music for French dancers



A DAMAGING BROADSIDE: The 1,241-ton collier *Oxshott*, with 60 feet of plating torn away after coming into collision in the Thames estuary with the 6,677-ton P. & O. steamer *Soudan*. The larger vessel emerged quite unharmed

FIRING THE FIRST SHOT: Field-Marshal Lord Milne inaugurating the King George VI miniature rifle range—a gift to the Hounslow Cadet Club by Major T. H. Bisgood. Lord Milne in his address to the company stressed the immense value of such a range, providing, as it does, first-class facilities for training youth



CLIMAX OF A BREATH-TAKING STUNT: Alfred Kaden, having successfully yoked his pair of lions to a chariot, prepares to jump on it and ride in triumph round the ring. One of the thrilling acts in Hagenbeck's Circus at the Agricultural Hall, which as usual is proving a great Christmas holiday attraction

THE PETROL WORLD:

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

I DO not know how much satisfaction Mr. Hore-Belisha has derived from the casualty figures in connection with road accidents in 1936. Personally, I should think they provide positive proof that the whole problem is being tackled in the wrong way. I have a feeling that the Minister and the Government as a whole are not such idiots as some of us might imagine, and that all the time they know perfectly well that every road user, whether he is driving a motor car, pushing a barrow, or only walking along the pavement at the side, has sooner or later to be made to obey regulations in the same way as the motorist is compelled to do at the moment. The authorities know what to do but they have not the courage to do it. After all it is only human nature to cling to power once you have got it and that power is held by the Government solely through the votes of the people.

Motorists, of course, are not in the slightest degree organised and they can be harried and regulated as much as Whitehall desires without any repercussion being felt at the polling booth. Once, however, the whole population gets the slightest inclination that it will be compelled to obey certain highway rules and regulations all the hundred and one organisations that are mixed up with politics will get busy and threaten reprisals. It is too much, therefore, to ask the Government to take what is after all the obvious course. One day this, or some other Government, will be compelled to act in the way indicated but they must first of all be in a position to show that the offensive waged against the motorist has not produced the results desired.

After all, the roads should be treated as if they were as dangerous as the railways. If people were allowed to wander all over the permanent way of the Southern, the L.M.S., Great Western, and L.N.E. railways the casualty lists would be colossal and yet I doubt even then if anyone would be brave or foolish enough to stand up and say the carnage was due to unskilled and callous engine drivers.

Much as I regret the casualty figures on the road, I am always amazed that they are not infinitely greater. Another surprising fact is that they remain so constant. One would imagine that one week the number of deaths would be, say fifty, and the following week 2,000, with a jump back after an interval of seven days to perhaps 200. But instead of fluctuating in this manner they keep within surprisingly narrow limits. I am not an expert on statistics but it seems to me there must be some reason for this strange result.

Until the Government summons up enough courage to do the right thing and decides to embark upon a really sensible and up-to-date road programme, we must carry on and help to improve matters by driving well ourselves and setting such an example that others may follow.

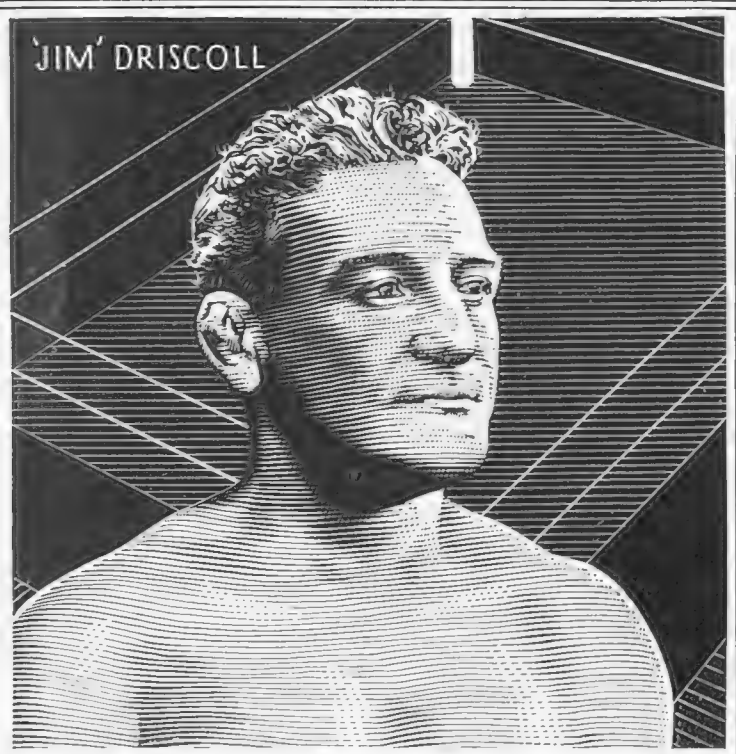
A MOTOR SCOOTER FROM THE U.S.A.: The "Meter-Gline," which hails from America and costs £40. This invention must, however, be regarded more or less as an amusement as its price does not compare favourably with that of a medium-priced motor cycle

EASTERN PAGEANTRY IN WESTERN STYLE: A procession of Morris cars used in connection with a marriage in Juppulpore, India. It will be noted that the Eight in the foreground carries five passengers

Some eight or nine years ago it occurred to a friend and myself whilst discussing bad and dangerous driving that something might be done to improve matters by instituting an organisation that would only permit good and tried drivers as members. We appreciated that the average human being and, therefore, the average driver would do almost anything to avoid losing a distinction which all his friends knew he possessed. We pondered over the idea for many, many months, and eventually when we had the scheme more or less cut and dried we approached five well-known motorists, whose reputations as individuals and motorists stood high on pinnacles. We asked them to constitute themselves our first committee, which we realised must be strong, because one of their chief duties would be to turn out those members who were careless or unlucky enough to blot their copy-book Everyone of those distinguished people accepted the invitation and the Order of the Road was born.

That committee has been added to but only to a small degree and the Order of the Road has grown until there are now over 4,000 members Within the last few years many other organisations have sprung up on similar lines but I have yet to learn that there is another which constantly and regularly turns out those of their members who have accidents which the committee consider should not have taken place. This procedure is definitely followed by the Order of the Road and it is a matter of some difficulty to become a member in the first instance. Many questions have to be answered and many of these answers have to be verified by guarantors, and even then the statements are frequently verified by independent investigation Once the badge of the Order has been obtained by a member he is justly proud and obviously has a great incentive to continue driving well lest he should lose it.

The address of the secretary is the Order of the Road, Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.



FAMOUS FIGURES

'Peerless' Jim, acknowledged one of the greatest exponents of fistic art, was born 1880. Professional from 1901. Won British Featherweight Championship Belt outright by three successive victories; also European Featherweight Championship in 1912. Greatest fights were with Abe Attell, 1909; Spike Robson, Pal Moore and Fred Welsh, 1910.

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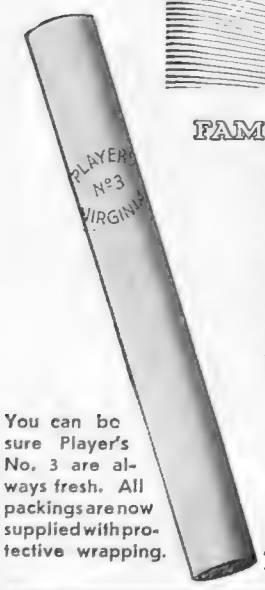

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NAVIGATING THE YANGTZE GORGES

(Continued from page 92)

beer, cigarettes, etc., cost twice as much as at Ichang, only 400 miles down river.

Having regard to the difficulties of navigation always encountered by small craft, great optimism was necessary to realise steam navigation between Ichang and Chungking. But in 1898 Archibald Little built the steam launch *Leechuan*, which after an adventurous voyage of three weeks from Ichang, was the first steamer to reach Chungking, on March 8, 1898.

But at first these were only spasmodic trips and the idea of a regular steamship service on the Upper Yangtze was deferred for the time being owing to the Boxer trouble, and later to the Revolution. It was Captain Plant, who as skipper of the *Pioneer* had become well acquainted with this glorious river, who in 1913 helped to form the Szechwan Steam Navigation Company, which started a regular steamer service with the Captain as their technical expert.

Nowadays most of the China shipping companies have their own steamers running in regular service between Ichang and Chungking. The trip according to season and boat takes four to five days up river and two to three days down.

The risks of navigation on this part of the river change entirely with the different seasons. From the point of view of the trader, who is interested in nothing else but to have his goods transported as safely as possible, the summer months with the high water level are the best.

But the tourist, who is willing to risk the inconveniences of a small river boat against the greater beauties of the scenery, is advised to take his trip between November and March, because the low water level discloses the beauty of rocks, villages, and mountains. But at whatever season the trip is taken it is never anything but beautiful, unbelievable, magnificent.

FRANCE OVER AFRICA

(Continued from page 98)

ski-ing and other winter sports in the aforesaid mountains. When one has come several hundred miles to escape the snow and sleet of London, it is all the more entertaining.

For the visitor who is making his first trip to French Morocco it is a good plan to pay particular regard to individual characteristics of the five big cities of French Morocco—Fez, Casablanca, Marrakech, Meknes, and Rabat. For your entertainment I recommend that you treat Marrakech in terms of the palaces of El Glaoui, the drives in a horse cab round the vast Palm Grove (said to be originated by date stones thrown away by Roman legionaries), the golf course with its rough of prickly pear, banana trees, olives, and other exotic hazards: and the minaret, which is the exact counterpart of the Giraldo in Seville.

CONTINUATIONS

Fez should be regarded from the standpoint of the native shopping quarter, the sub-divisions of which are better organised than anywhere in Morocco or the whole world. Every trade and profession has its own alleyway exclusively devoted to it. It may be the Street of the Leather Makers, the Butchers, the Jewellers, the Grocers, the Money Changers, the Dyers, or the Fishmongers. Each Guild has its own chief and its own night watchman who lives in a kennel on the roof at one end of each alleyway so that at night he can descend immediately on any thief.

Meknes should be treated in terms of its proximity to Volubilis and Moulay Idris. Volubilis, discovered only fifty years ago by a French archæologist, is the Moroccan equivalent of Pompeii. It is an ancient Roman town, with all kinds of pillars and inscriptions extant. There is also a small museum with some first-class Roman bronzes to be seen.

Moulay Idris is unique—an adjective I use sparingly. Its unique quality is that no European or Jew is allowed to stay a night in it. This enactment was confirmed in perpetuity by Marshal Lyautey twenty-four years ago. Moulay Idris is a city of 7,000 inhabitants, 200 of whom are descendants of Muhammad. Its inhabitants are Berbers. The Pasha is entirely responsible for law and order. There are no French policemen nor French soldiers in it. There are still slaves.

Rabat should be treated in terms of the Sultan of Morocco. Every Friday he goes to the mosque accompanied by 700 troops of his bodyguard on foot and 400 on horseback. It is a tremendous sight. I have already described the uniform of his men. Rabat has its quota of minarets and other purely sightseeing spectacles, but the procession to the mosque on Friday surpasses anything I have ever seen.

Casablanca should be treated in terms of its intriguing factories. French factories really can be intriguing. You should also investigate Bidonville where 7,000 Arabs live in huts made from biscuit tins, barrels, and other inconsiderable trifles. This is a real blot on the escutcheon of La Belle France.

Having filled several notebooks during my three weeks in French Morocco it is evident that I have a great deal more to say about this remarkable country, but I have not the space. It is enough to point out that it is automatically one of the richest areas in the world from every point of view. So far the French have only scratched its surface; its wheat, corn, barley, and maize are first class; so are its flax, hemp, and cotton.

I am aware that I have painted Morocco as a kind of commercial and touristic Eldorado. Because it is, I did not visit Agadir, which will be remembered from the German incident shortly before the war; nor did I have time to inspect the romantic-sounding city of Mogador, originally founded by the Portuguese. But in the course of this brief visit it became perfectly apparent that French Morocco will be in the future one of the most valuable and attractive Protectorates in the world. From what I can gather, Spanish Morocco could be made almost equally productive. No wonder, then, that Germany is paying marked attention at the moment to the coast of North Africa.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 100)

at a discount and scientific problems in high favour. Readers, in other words, now like working for their entertainment. For these reasons Mr. Frankau's book may not fill the popular bill. It is breezy, unfailingly entertaining, light-hearted, and sadly lacking in serious, solvable mysteries. In fact the earnest student is likely to cast grave doubts on some of the author's assertions, and I did wonder myself whether it is not possible to distinguish between an old skeleton and the bones of a newly killed man, even if both of them had been in a fierce fire. One regret I have, and that not a strictly literary one, that Mr. Frankau should so sadly have revised his opinion of the charming Côte des Maures.

BLACK LAND, WHITE LAND (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is nearer the present-day taste for detective stories, and does, in fact, very nearly typify it. Here Mr. H. C. Bailey presents his redoubtable Reggie Fortune in a case which was "his first masterpiece"—a case for which our Mr. Fortune felt a singular affection, since it was "inspired by the primeval, savage force of its sequence of evil." It was also an extremely interesting case and, within the discreet limits of the 1937 "thriller," a very exciting one.

Mr. Fortune, for the benefit of the uninstructed few, is a cheerful and scholarly gentleman with a distaste for port and a very curious passion for seltzer-water who, in an extra-official capacity, delights in solving some of the major crimes of fiction. His amateur standing is irreproachable and the "Yard," also of fiction, welcomes him with open arms and dossiers. He is, in fact, Mr. Bailey's gift to an otherwise humdrum service.

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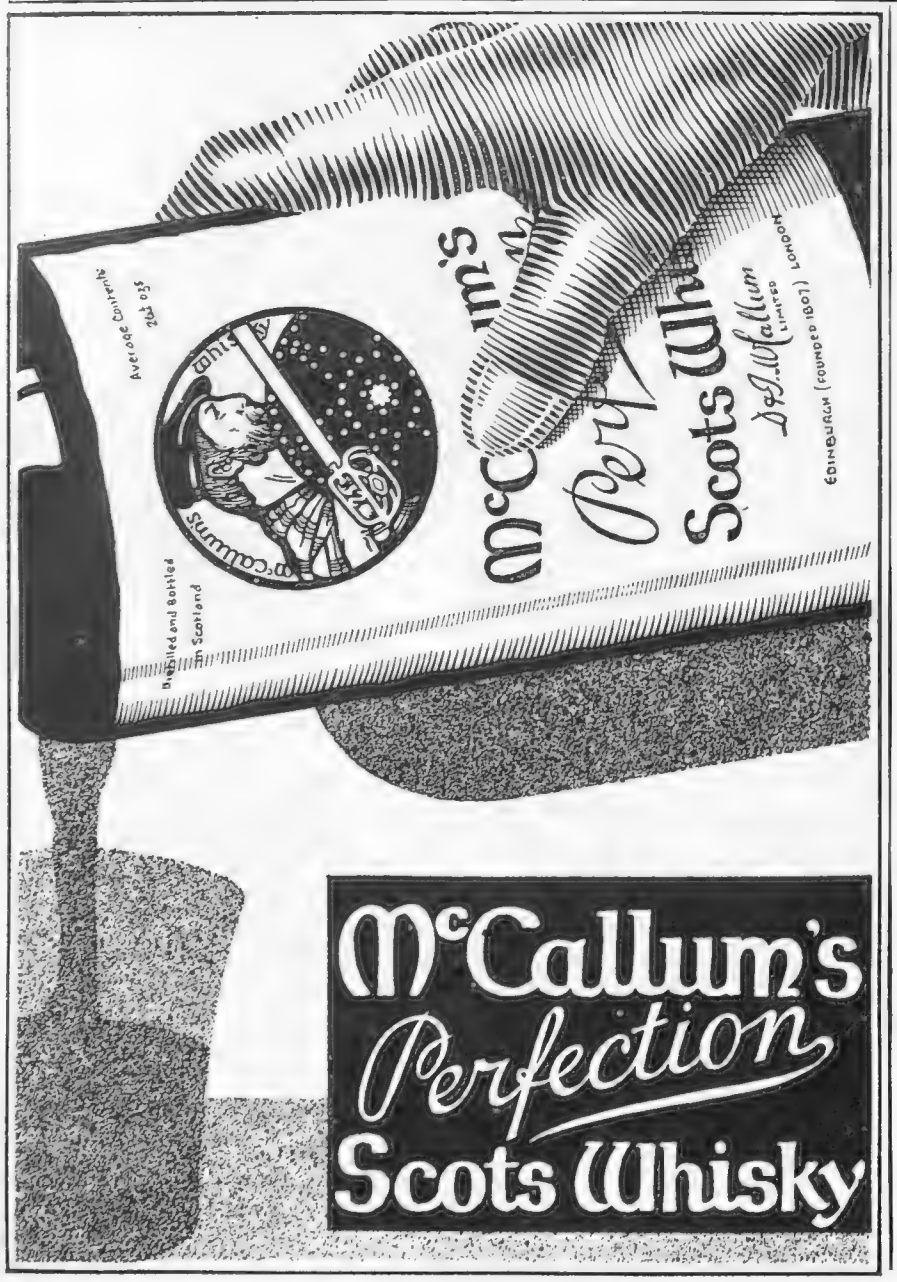
In these critical days the children must not be forgotten. The Society is in urgent need of funds to maintain the 1,100 children in their various Homes and Training Ship *Arethusa*. Please send a donation to help on this great work of caring for young children. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



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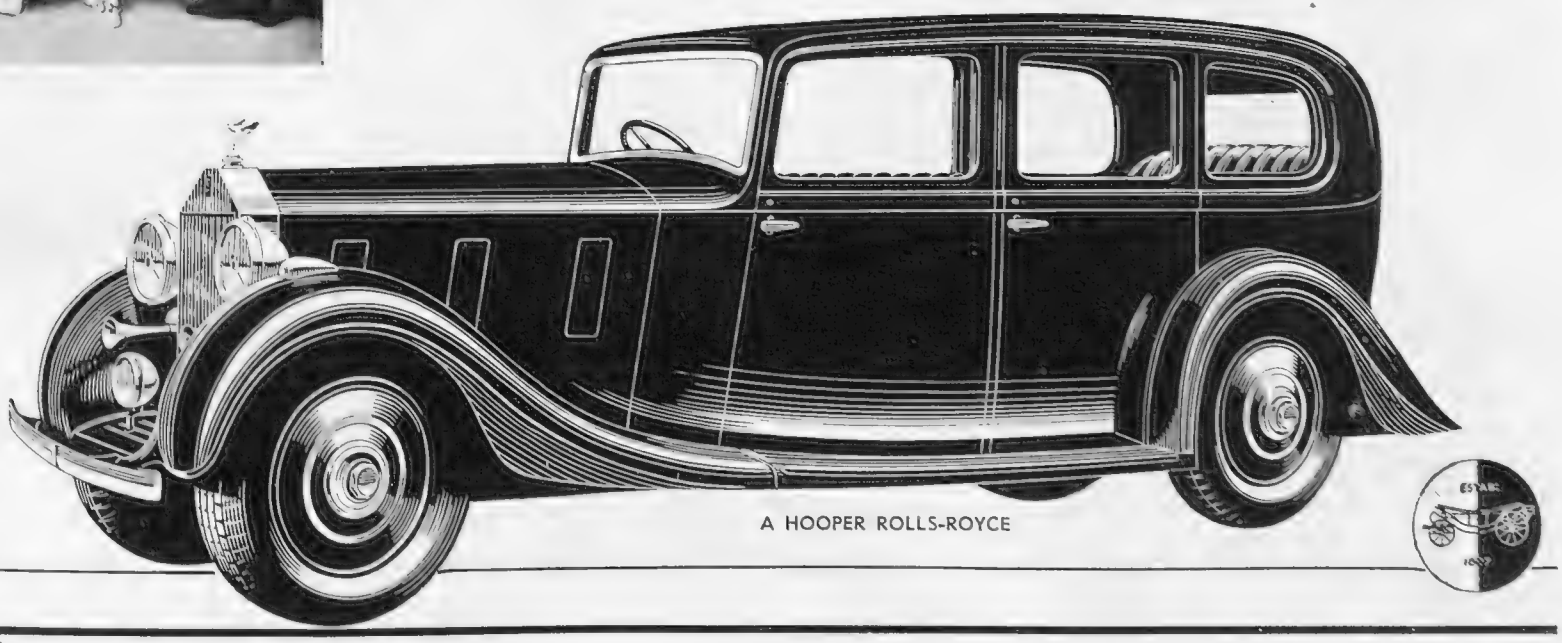

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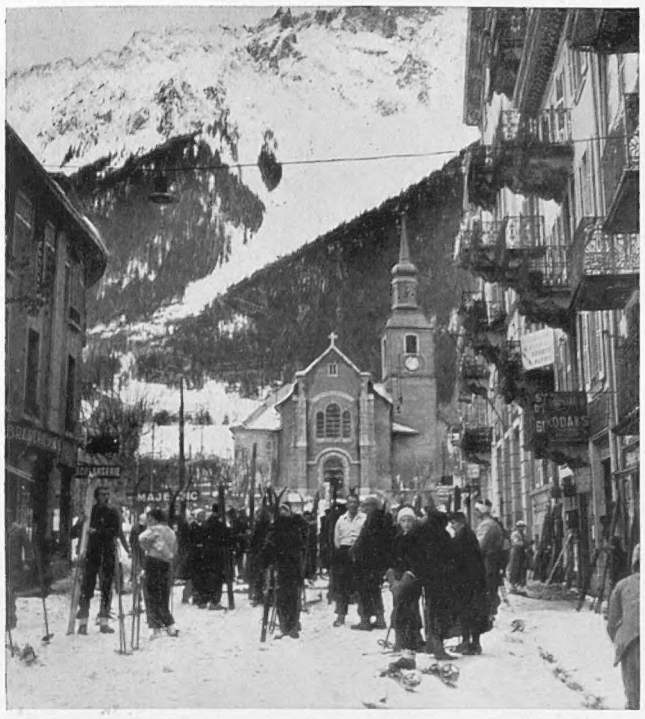
The Savoy Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Vosges Claim the Attention of Ski-ing Enthusiasts



OFF TO THE SKI-ING GROUNDS: An after-breakfast gathering of winter sports enthusiasts in front of the church at Chamonix. The town, which usually has good snow conditions throughout the winter months, lies close to the foot of Mont Blanc

FEW people will be found to deny that holidays in France are invariably pleasurable, and the French themselves are always anxious to enhance the enviable reputation they enjoy in this respect. Hence the growing popularity of their winter sports resorts—both the old established favourites of the Savoy Alps and the more newly developed ones of the Pyrenees and the Vosges.

Taking Savoy first, the name, of course, that jumps at once to everybody's mind is Chamonix. France is fortunate in possessing the highest Alp there is—Mont Blanc, 15,780 ft.—and Chamonix lies, roughly speaking, at the bottom of it. Only fairly roughly speaking, though, for its own altitude is 3,440 ft. above sea level, enough to ensure thoroughly satisfactory snow conditions throughout the winter months. It is a wonderful place, and Mont Blanc is a wonderful mountain—one of those mountains (the Jungfrau, the Matterhorn, the Monte Rosa are others) that have an extraordinary distinction and personality quite their own, that draw your gaze back again and again to their glittering heights, that make you feel as though you know them and have always known them. Chamonix caters equally well for all tastes, moreover, the economical and the expensive, the quiet and the gay. There are luxury hotels there, and quiet little pensions as well—and the vast ski-ing fields are free to everybody, with an aerial cable railway up to the best of them (Planpraz, 6,765 ft. and Le Brévent, 8,280 ft.). All the other winter sports amenities are to be found on the spot too—a ski school, ice hockey, curling, a nine-acre skating rink, and a magnificent bobsleigh run.

But the Savoy Alps cover a large territory, and Chamonix is not by any means the only notable resort of which it can boast. Argentière, Montroc-le-Planet, les Contamines are all places with good hotels at altitudes of more than 4,000 ft. Then there is Col de Voza-Prarion-Bellevue, with ski-ing fields, luge runs, and an illuminated skating rink at 6,100 ft. St. Gervais-les-Bains, Megève, and Combloux, at slightly lower altitudes, are also very popular places, with a wide range of accommodation, and as they all enjoy a fair measure of that particular charm which makes Savoy not quite like anywhere else, it is rather difficult to choose between them.

Then again Mont Revard must be considered; it is 5,000 ft. up, situated on an immense plateau, with lovely woods and ideal ski-ing fields, and you reach it by rack railway from Aix-les-Bains. And yet again—but this time a little farther afield, between Chambéry and Grenoble—you have Saint-Pierre-de-Chartreuse (there is an autocar service from Grenoble station), very beautiful, very popular, with large hotels, small hotels, pensions, and villas to suit all requirements. And there are still more places that could be mentioned in this part of France, many of them small, but all of them both progressive and friendly

Now let us turn to the Pyrenees, that proud range which has preserved its aloofness from the busy tourist world longer, perhaps, than any other region of Western Europe. In the Pyrenees you have, to an extraordinarily intense degree, the feeling that the air you are breathing is virginally fresh and pure. There is an openness, a freedom about these uplands that exhilarate you beyond words.

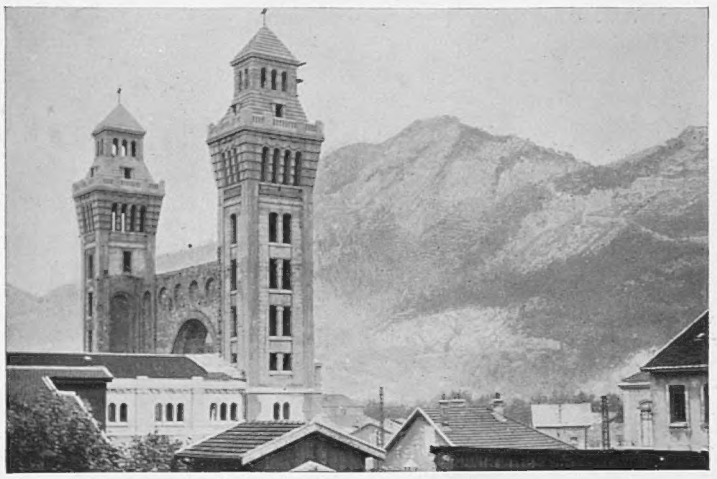
Starting from the eastern end, Font-Romen is the first name of importance. As a matter of fact, the present writer has only seen this particular resort in summer, but reliable information confirms the impression that it must be just as lovely under snow as in the flickering heat of an August day. Anybody going there, by the way, should not fail to visit the little walled town of Montlouis, only a few miles distant, at the head of a terrifically steep mountain pass. Next comes Col de Puymorens, at an altitude of 6,000 ft., with hotels at two neighbouring villages (Porté and L'Hospitalet) and three refuges at the Col itself. This is an admirable place for the really enthusiastic skier, who demands good snow conditions above all else, who does not want a very active social life in the evenings, and who is glad of an opportunity to take an economical holiday. There is plenty of snow from November onwards, at any rate until the end of April, and the only thing which hinders the more intensive development of Puymorens as a "resort" is the fact that it is not very sheltered and gets fairly strong winds from time to time.

We will not consider Envalfra in Andorra, which is not very far away, since that is a place for the most hardened enthusiasts, and can only be reached at all during the winter by a longish trek on skis—unless one should elect to go there by way of Spain! But moving westward again we come to a whole crop of famous names—Luchon, Superbagnères, Cauterets, Bagnères de Bigorre, Gourette, Eaux Bonnes, and a lot more besides—here is the very heart of the Pyrenees. And what superb country it is! There are no better ski-ing grounds anywhere than those provided by the plateau of Superbagnères, and they are delightfully accessible, moreover: leaving Paris at 7.25 in the evening, you can be at Luchon exactly 12 hrs. later, and 45 mins. later at Superbagnères. There is an enormous variety of ski-ing tours to be made in the vicinity, and plenty is always going on there—a long distance course of close on 10 miles, for instance, is traced and marked; the jumping platform of l'Arbesquens gives you jumps up to 260 ft.; there are luge runs, bobsleigh runs, and there is a large skating rink right next to the hotel.

Cauterets, a fashionable summer watering place, is also good in winter—but to enumerate the charms of all these resorts individually smacks of repetition. Suffice to say that they are easy to get to, that as far as the creature comforts of existence are concerned they can meet the most exacting requirements, that the snow conditions are very satisfactory and that they have got an extremely happy "atmosphere" about them.

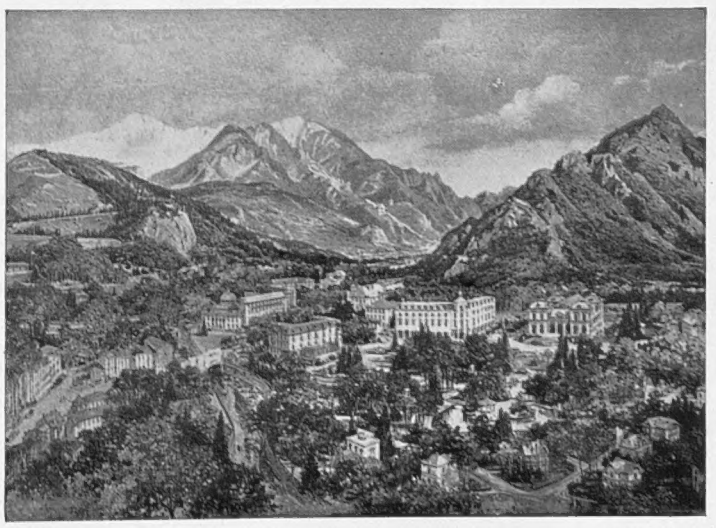
Shifting again to another part of France, do not forget the Vosges. Here there is nothing very spectacular, to be sure: no glittering peaks, no giant avalanches. But the Vosges are by no means to be despised as a winter sports terrain. For one thing, they are somewhat nearer to Paris than any of the others; then again, the country is undulating and beautiful and there are some pleasant tours to be made on skis and some pleasant places at which to stay. Gérardmer is one of the best known centres in this district, within expedition range of two commanding points, Hohneck and Rain Kopf; to the north is St. Die, and there are slopes round about rising to heights between 3,000 and 4.000 ft; to the south, again, is an equally good headquarters, Ventron, and there are also some places of note in the Haut Rhin—Bussang, St. Maurice, Wesserling, amongst others.

Richard Nowell



MID MOUNTAIN RAMPARTS: Grenoble, another French winter sports resort, with the towers of the Church of the Sacred Heart dominating the foreground. It lies in lovely surroundings astride the river Isère

WHERE THE SNOW LINGERS: A springtime scene in the Pyrenees, "that proud range which has preserved its aloofness from the busy tourist world longer, perhaps, than any other region of Western Europe." The ski-ing grounds are excellent, and at some of the resorts there are first-class facilities for bobsleighing, lugeing, and skating



NESTLING BENEATH THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS OF THE EASTERN PYRENEES: Vernet les Bains, a town famed for its thermal establishments and as an all-the-year-round health and pleasure resort. In the far distance on the left rises the snow-capped Canigou

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

The Claims of Bournemouth When Deciding the All-Important Question of Where to Winter

"IT'S AN ILL WIND"—and those hotels which cater for a winter trade should soon be reaping the benefit of the present influenza epidemic. For 'flu, however mild, leaves one singularly limp, and to face with tranquillity February gales, March lions, and April showers, a few days respite from responsibility is essential.

Last week I dealt with attractive places in which to winter in Kent and Sussex, and this week I propose to move farther westwards, and so as to be "on the spot" I write from Bournemouth which seems as winter succeeds winter to grow from strength to strength.

What an attractive spot Bournemouth is! To be on neutral ground, for I have many hotel interests in Bournemouth and district, I am staying with friends at Parkstone where mine hostess, not to be outdone by the little attentions I look for in hotels, has placed notepaper and *stamped* envelopes in my room. British hoteliers please note.

Even Bournemouth weather wished to impress herself on me, for as I sallied forth in the morning to renew acquaintanceship with one of my old loves, the Canford Cliffs Hotel, the sun beamed on me, the birds sang me springtime songs, and the wind tactfully lay dormant.

After a bout of influenza, or for that matter, I could at any time cheerfully "take my ease" at the Canford Cliffs Hotel, for though there is restfulness, there is nothing drab. All is far away or seemingly so from any crowd, for the only thing which disturbed the tranquillity was the cry of the seagulls as they wheeled around the cliff face.

I had a long talk with Mr. R. E. Whiston, a native of Cheshire, who has been recently appointed manager. Having had considerable experience in first-class hotels at home and abroad, he is well qualified both by temperament and training not only to manage this very first-class hotel, but to take a personal interest in the comfort of all who stay there.

I have always liked the Canford Cliffs Hotel and under Mr. R. E. Whiston I can prophesy confidently that it will become increasingly popular amongst those who are accustomed to the best, be it food, wine, beds; and in general Canford Cliffs Hotel is exclusive; but the inclusive terms from 1 guinea a day are not expensive and will appeal to those who are not particular about theatres and cinemas at their doorstep, and whose chief love is just comfortable surroundings, incredibly beautiful air, and scenery.

If too they enjoy golf they have Parkstone golf course at their doorstep. If they like motor runs they are close to the New Forest, and with the Sandbanks ferry close at hand can soon be at Studland, Swanage, Corfe Castle, and on top of the Purbeck Hills.

The choice of an hotel is after all a personal matter dependent on one's likes and dislikes, and one's daily mode of life. There will be many then who will prefer Bourne Hall Hotel for its accessibility, sociability, and its very reasonable all-inclusive terms. During the winter months one can live there at as low a figure as £4 4s. a week, and you need have no misgivings as to whether there is any stinting as regards food for I enjoyed an unexpectedly good luncheon there to-day.

Motorists should make a note of Bourne Hall Hotel for eastward- or westward-bound you are obliged to pass it on the main road just by the West Station. Incidentally Bournemouth West station might well be renamed Bournemouth Central for the Central Station is, so far as I can see, only central to its namesakes—the Fire and Police Stations. But Bourne Hall and West Station occupy a key position. Meyrick Park golf links are only five minutes walk. You can pick up a bus to the shops and the shows outside the door, and if for that matter you do not feel like going out there's always a game of bridge or billiards to be had in the hotel, and the orchestra plays in the dining room and lounge nightly (Sundays included).

There is also the benefit of a resident proprietor at Bourne Hall—Mr. R. J. Bray. Efficient himself, he will not tolerate inefficiency. Of a friendly nature he sees to it that no Bourne Hall visitor need feel bored. So what better place could you choose to shake off influenza's depressing after-effects?

I could not help contrasting the friendly reception and luncheon I had at Bourne Hall with my previous day's experience at a newly-built hotel which shall remain nameless, on the banks of the Arun.

At the time I happened to be the only person having lunch. The management were having their lunch at the other end of the room. They paid no attention to me when I arrived or when I left. Although they were in their office and saw me going out, they said neither "good afternoon," "a miserable day," nor "I hope you have had a good lunch." The hotel was clean, the service a little inexperienced, but the cooking quite good. If only they had taken the small trouble to greet me I should have told them who I was, asked to see over the hotel, and recommended them to others, but even though I thoroughly enjoyed the hot luncheon, it was entirely ruined by the "cold shoulder" I received from the "Powers that Be."

Personalities play an enormous part in successful hotel management, and Mr. R. J. Bray and Miss Hall at Bourne Hall Hotel, Bournemouth, and Mr. Whiston at Canford Cliffs Hotel, Bournemouth, are each in their respective spheres the right people in the right place to make hotel life both liveable and enjoyable, and to help make one forget influenza and its ravages.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.*

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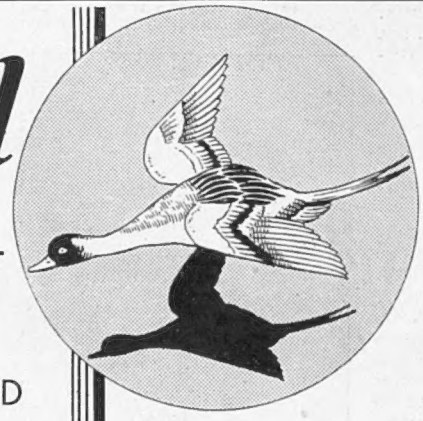

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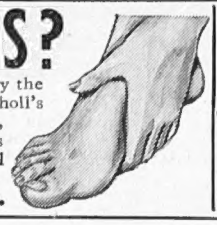

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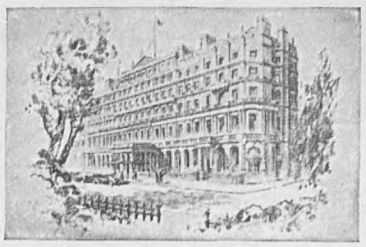

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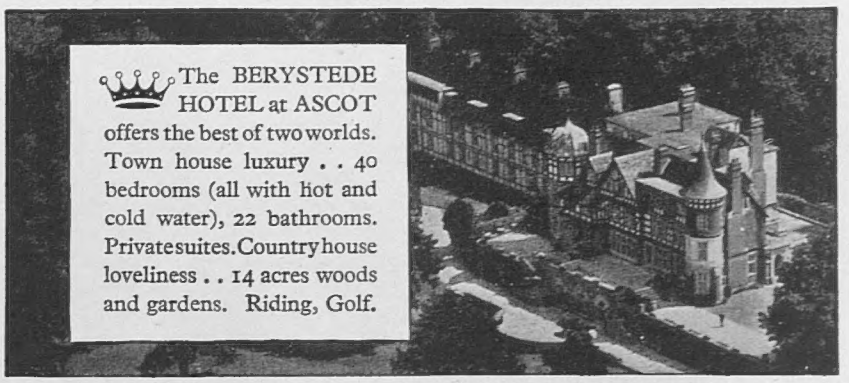

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Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Crofton Hotel, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. West 7200
De Vere Hotel, W.8. West 0051.
Goring Hotel, S.W.1. Victoria 8210.

SCOTLAND

Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.
Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Demi des Pas Hotel.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Guernsey.—Old Government Hse. Htl. Tel. 424.
Guernsey.—Gardener's Royal Htl. Tel. G'sey 300
Guernsey.—Richmond Hotel. Tel. 931.

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*January* 16, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.